

EDITION DE LUXE

No. 776.

OCT. 11, 1884

THE GRAPHIC.

AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



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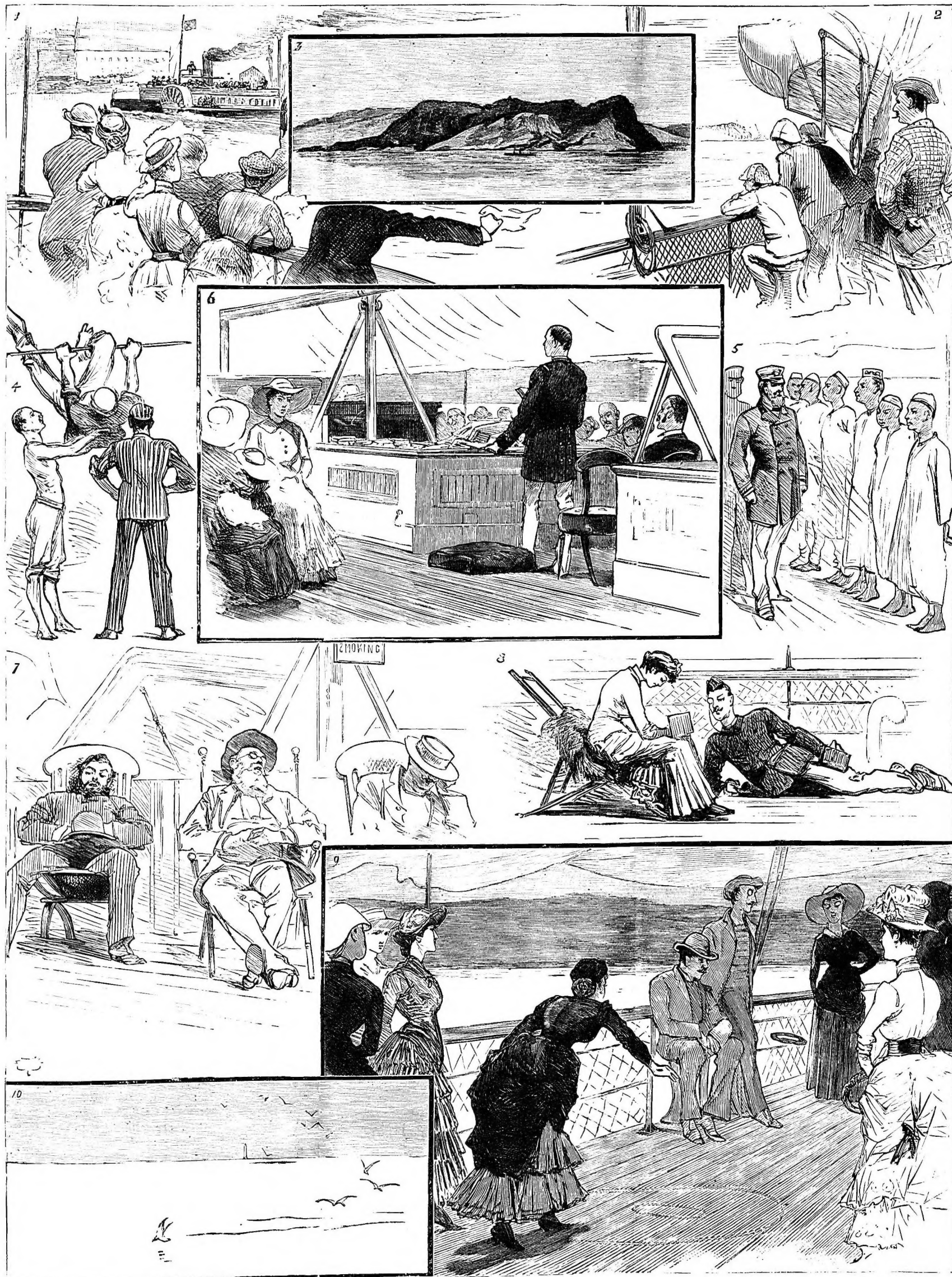
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ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1884

WITH EXTRA
SUPPLEMENT

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1. Good-bye at Tilbury.—2. Cape St. Vincent: Nelson's Deeds Recalled.—3. Gibraltar from the Mediterranean.—4. Morning Exercise: Circling the Bar.—5. Mind and Matter: Captain Inspecting Stokers at Church Parade.—6. Church in the Mediterranean: The Doctor Reads the Lessons.—7. Getting into Warmer Climes.—8. Her Diary.—9. The Ladies' Exercise on Board the *Ravenna*: Quoit Tournament in the Suez Canal.—10. The First Sign of the Land of the Great River.

FROM THE THAMES TO THE NILE—ALL THE WAY BY SEA IN A P. AND O. BOAT TO AVOID QUARANTINE
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. F. VILLIERS

Topics of the Week

KHARTOUM AND THE ENGLISH GOVERNMENT.—There can be little doubt, unfortunately, that Colonel Stewart has been murdered; and it is too probable that other Europeans have fallen with him. So lamentable a calamity ought to make even Mr. Gladstone's self-complacent Government doubt whether they have acted wisely in postponing to the last possible moment the despatch of an expedition for the relief of Khartoum. Months ago they were warned by their opponents, and by many of their supporters, that delay might be fatal; but Mr. Gladstone preferred to hope that all would end well, and declined to say in plain terms whether anything would ever be done for the brave men on whom he had imposed a task of almost inconceivable difficulty. Now we have begun to reap the bitter consequences of his dilatory policy; and nobody can tell what disasters it may yet bring upon us. The real position of General Gordon is unknown. The siege of Khartoum may have been raised; but it is at least as likely that the town is still "surrounded" or "hemmed in" (Mr. Gladstone alone understands the distinction between these expressions), and that the civil population and the garrison depend for their provisions on the success of foraging parties. If the siege is going on, England will be fortunate indeed if she does not hear by-and-by of a fearful catastrophe. We must hope that even yet the Nile Expedition will not be too late; but, if it arrives at its destination in time, the result will be due to the good luck of the Government rather than to their energy and foresight. The whole story of their proceedings with regard to Khartoum, however it may end, will be one of the most dismal tales in the history of England.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF KELUNG.—Admiral Courbet has taken possession of Kelung, killing a hundred Chinamen, and wounding twice as many more. He only lost four men killed, and about a dozen wounded. Is not this a cheap and satisfactory way of covering oneself with glory? Cheap, perhaps, as regards the expenditure of French lives; but scarcely satisfactory either for the French, for the Chinese, or for the outside world. Taking the outside world first, M. Jules Ferry seems to be unaware of the mischief caused by this unjust war, which he refuses to call a war. The lives of the Europeans at all the Treaty Ports are more or less in danger; a sudden outburst of fanaticism, provoked by some glorious French exploit, may at any moment cause a massacre; while the Lancashire cotton industry is suffering severely because, in the present uncertain state of affairs, merchants hesitate to ship goods to China. As for the Chinese Government, it has no motive for prolonging the war except the hope of wearying the French into the acceptance of easier terms. Experience has shown that the purchase of expensive military appliances does not make up for the lack of discipline, honesty, and patriotism, nor is the Manchu dynasty so popular that it can afford to court a continuation of coastal bombardments. Lastly, we come to the French Government—that is, M. Jules Ferry. M. Ferry is bellicose, not from genuine pugnacity, but because he has got himself into a mess, and is desperately anxious to get out of it before the Chambers meet. He wants to show that French honour has been amply avenged for the "treachery" (now admitted to be accident rather than treachery) of Lang-sou. So it comes to pass that Chinamen must be mutilated with projectiles in order that Jules Ferry may go on reigning. But behind the French Government stands the French people. What does the typical Jacques Bonhomme think of the whole of this Tonkino-Chinese imbroglio? Probably he may have ambitious dreams of a French tropical Empire to rival that of India, but he grudges the cost. The money to pay for these enterprises comes out of his tax-ridden pocket, the blood shed is that of his own sons. Naval officers, Roman Catholic missionaries, and Ministers clinging to office may have reasons of their own for prolonging the war, but if Jacques Bonhomme could have his own way (which he seldom really gets, in spite of universal suffrage) he would speedily come to terms.

HARVEST FESTIVALS.—This is the season for holding Harvest Festivals in the churches. Thanks have to be returned this year for splendid crops, and the display of corn, fruit, and flowers in many places of worship has been unusually fine. It is not so long ago that Flower Services and Harvest Festivals—which now find their regular places in the calendar of church celebrations—would have been regarded with a strong aversion by thoroughgoing Protestants; but now we see Dissenting chapels as well as churches given over to periodical decorations. The art of church adornment has come to be studied with some care, chiefly by ladies, and it is applied here and there with admirable results. From the barbarous days, when even at Christmas-time nothing better was done than to tie sprigs of holly round the pulpit-lamps (with perhaps a sportive bunch of mistletoe over the clerk's head), and to scatter branches of evergreens over walls and window-sills with more profusion than order,—we have entered a period when refined taste is allowed the fullest scope in the creation of beautiful designs. To look up a church and see aisles, windows, chancel, pulpit, and

altar richly decked with corn-sheaves, ferns, rare exotics, cut flowers in their lovely varieties of colour, and masses of fruit—clustering grapes, purple plums, golden pears, and ruddy apples—is really a striking sight. But the best of these Harvest Festivals is that all the offerings accumulated in them are distributed among the poor, and it is pleasant to know that the tables in lowly homes are thus often supplied with good things which would be accounted as luxuries even in mansions. Many a lady who would hesitate to buy costly fruit for her own household cheerfully buys what is best for the church; so those monster pears, luscious peaches, and large fragrant pines which we see in Covent Garden do not all go to houses where they would only cloy sated appetites. They are often found where they are most welcome, the more so from having been offered by sympathising hands, and with kindly words teaching faith in the Giver of all good things.

CONSERVATIVES AND THE REDISTRIBUTION BILL.—There is evidently a strong disposition on the part of the Government to bring the tiresome agitation about Redistribution to an end by means of some compromise. They will not, indeed, consent to send up the Franchise Bill and the Redistribution Bill to the House of Lords at the same time; but Lord Hartington indicated distinctly in his recent speech that he and his colleagues are willing to make known beforehand the principles of their Redistribution Bill, and indeed the alleged details are given in Thursday's *Standard*. It is too much to hope that Lord Salisbury will accept this as a satisfactory solution of the difficulty, but some of his followers may perhaps begin to think that the time for a peaceful settlement of the question has arrived. They will certainly deserve the gratitude of the country if now, as on some former occasions, they decline to submit to the dictation of an imperious and headstrong chief. No good can come either to the Peers or to Englishmen generally from the continuance of this dismal controversy; for it may not only lead to vast constitutional changes, but in the meantime it prevents the nation from giving adequate attention to subjects of far more importance, such as the condition of affairs in South Africa and in Egypt. The majority of Conservatives must know that however hard they may fight against the influences which happen at present to be dominant in English politics, they will never secure a plan of Redistribution like that which Lord Salisbury has suggested. His scheme is repugnant to the most elementary principles of Liberalism, and it is astonishing that he should have ventured to expound it as a serious proposal. The Redistribution Bill attributed by the *Standard* to Mr. Gladstone seems to be as moderate as any measure of the kind that will ever be laid before Parliament, and the Tories ought to congratulate themselves that the task of removing existing anomalies in the distribution of seats has fallen to a statesman who is in some respects not nearly so "advanced" as the most active section of his party.

LONDON RAILWAY COMMUNICATIONS.—That the Inner Circle Railway was only opened on Monday last, although planned more than twenty years ago, is a fact which deserves to be borne in mind, but with shame rather than with pride. The delay has been caused partly by the want of harmonious action among the Companies which were more or less interested in the completion of the locomotive circle, but far more by the want of any body of sufficient authority to override the opposition (usually more or less selfish and unreasonable) which for so long hindered the construction of this valuable piece of work. As it is, the final link of the Inner Circle is by no means where it ought to be. If the engineers could have had their own way, it would have traversed the brief space between Moorgate Street and the Mansion House, instead of making a long circumbendibus to the eastward. It may be remembered that when the Metropolitan District Railway was being made, it was intended to make the then terminus close by the Mansion House. But a set of wooden- or pudding-headed oppositionists rose up, and made a tremendous outcry against the scheme, with the result that the so-called Mansion House Station was stuck down at the far end of Queen Victoria Street. Many a fare have the railway company lost in consequence. People wanting to go to and from the Bank (perhaps the spot in the world where is the greatest congestion of wayfarers) take an omnibus or a road-car to avoid the inconvenience of a walk forced upon them by short-sighted selfishness. Other railways are urgently needed in London, especially between the North and the West-End; capital is eagerly in search of investment, but railway projectors are naturally frightened at the enormous legal expenses. Look at the failure or postponement of the Parks Railway. What we want is a Board of practical men to decide what railways should be made, and, their decision once given, no opposition should be allowed. This might be bad for some of the lawyers, but it would considerably cheapen and improve our London railway communications.

GAMBLING IN FRANCE.—Attention has been called to the game of *chemin de fer*, which is publicly played in the Etablissement of Boulogne, and which appears to be *roulette* in disguise. There is nothing new, however, in this open tolerance of gambling in French watering-places; and that accounts for the poor success of the Republican Government when it remonstrated with Prince Charles about the tables at

Monaco. Not only at Boulogne, but in every bathing town on the Northern coast, a man who pays his franc or two of entrance money to the Casino can spend his whole day at cards and betting. At about eleven in the morning an *écarté* table is formed by some quiet, experienced-looking stranger, who sits down, and intimates his readiness to play a rub with anybody. A partner soon takes the opposite seat, and presently the spectators thronging round the table begin to bet. There is no talking; but backers of either player simply lay their five-franc pieces or napoleons on the table as a challenge to backers on the other side to deposit like sums. A man may go on betting all the morning without once opening his mouth, or knowing the men who accept his wagers. Sometimes he may find takers for silver or gold only, but now and then he may chance upon men ready to lay bank-notes against his—that, of course, depends on the strength of the players at the table. Generally the play is much brisker in the evening, when four or five tables will be formed. The experienced stranger who began the play in the morning may often be seen carrying it on, with only brief intervals for refreshment, till past midnight. In the course of his day he will take hands against two or three dozen different players. This gentleman is mostly an *allumeur*, commissioned by the managers to set the fun going. In some casinos, where the management wishes to keep up appearances, an inner room is set apart and called a club; but, as membership can be obtained on payment of twenty francs, such clubs are but licensed hells. In the towns on the Mediterranean gaming clubs are more numerous than in the North, and the play in them is much higher. The moral of the whole matter is, that the Republicans now in power would do well to recollect the denunciations which they used to level at the corruptions of the Second Empire.

DEMOCRACY.—Mr. Russell Lowell has delivered many a clever speech since he came to England, but in his address the other day at Birmingham he surpassed all his previous efforts. The lecture or oration—or whatever it ought to be called—was full of happy phrases; and every phrase expressed a thought which was the result of much serious reflection. With the general principles set forth by Mr. Lowell few Englishmen would now be disposed to quarrel. Whether we like the fact or not, there can be no doubt that the future belongs to Democracy; and it is almost equally certain that in the end it will do more for the benefit of mankind than could be accomplished in the conditions of modern society by any other form of government. At the same time Democracy has its disadvantages; and Mr. Lowell might have done good service by giving rather more prominence to this part of his subject. In the United States it has made the wire-puller omnipotent; it has led to the utter corruption of the Civil Service; it has driven from political life the classes who would be most likely to support a just and disinterested policy. Without national self-conceit we may fairly claim that our own position is not quite so bad as this; but are there not disagreeable signs that some of the tendencies of English politics are not altogether unlike those which have produced such disastrous results in America? Here, too, the wire-puller has become a formidable power; and party politicians have never been so bitter and so unscrupulous in England as many of them are now. This is a less pleasant side of the picture than the one about which Mr. Lowell chose to discourse; but, as it happens to be true, it suggests a doubt whether, after all, the triumph of Democracy means just yet the approach of a Golden Age.

RENAMING DUBLIN STREETS.—The Dublin Corporation have resolved, by twenty-eight votes to thirteen, to substitute national titles for the present names of the principal streets, to "perpetuate the recollection of great and patriotic Irishmen." This proposal sounds more unobjectionable than it really is. Its true meaning is another slap in the face at the Loyalists, and the British connection generally. If the Corporation carries out its intention, it may be taken for granted that at least some of the "great and patriotic Irishmen" will be persons whom Loyalists have been taught to regard as rebels and sedition-mongers; and, on the other hand, that some really celebrated men of Irish birth will be refused these mural honours. To the stolid Anglo-Saxon the conception of altering the time-honoured street names seems rather puerile; but then the Irish, like the French, have a large admixture of Celtic lineage, and it is well known that the French are fond of this sort of amusement. In fact, it constitutes one of the chief recreations of a revolution. It must be confessed that the Dublin Corporation might find more useful work to do. The alteration, if adopted, will confuse wayfarers generally, and cabmen particularly, and it will evoke a great deal of party bitterness. There are other affairs awaiting the Corporation's energies of a far more urgent character. Dublin has some of the dirtiest slums in the world; the Liffey is little better than an open sewer; and the death-rate is excessively high. Amend these evils first; and then, gentlemen, if you will, proceed to confer the honours of street-nomenclature on Robert Emmett and Wolfe Tone.

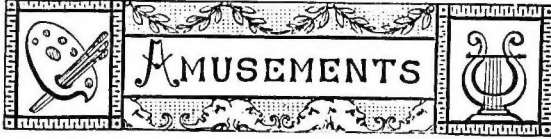
RAILWAY CARRIAGE ORATORY.—It was high time that a railway official should write to protest against Mr. Gladstone's misuse of railway carriages for purposes of political agitation. The exasperated station-master who has carried his grievance

to the *Times*, complains that the travelling public has been put to considerable inconvenience and to no little danger by the struggling mobs who have invaded platforms to hear the Prime Minister spout. One can use no more dignified term than "spouting" to characterise the kind of rhetoric in which Mr. Gladstone, or any other speaker for the matter of that, must needs indulge whenever he is called upon *ex abrupto* to make a mob speech. It is perhaps not strange that the Premier should have entirely overlooked the fact that, in encouraging tumultuous assemblages, to the impediment of railway traffic and to the extreme discomfort of ordinary passengers, he should have been violating one of the railway bye-laws, which enacts a fine of forty shillings for this offence. We know that when Mr. Gladstone is under the excitement of popular clamour he is apt to forget proprieties of time or place, and persuades himself that whatever he may have to say must be good to hear; but there is no one among his familiars who has enough influence to convince him that words lose much of their effect when they are poured out like water? The mouth of a ruler must not be a speech-tap that can be turned on by all comers. Many of those who collect to see Mr. Gladstone are moved by simple curiosity, and it is rather for the sake of amusement than for instruction that they shout to him to give them a speech. It would suit them quite as well to hear one of those negro melodies which, according to "Lord Malmesbury's Memoirs," the Liberal leader sings so proficiently; in fact, among that section of the public which thinks him over-earnest, Mr. Gladstone's popularity would be enhanced if he were to go the round of the country singing "Camptown Races." But so far as railway-carriages are concerned the same objection would lie against songs as against speeches. There is a time and a place for everything, and *opportet, decet, prodest* are good old words whose meaning Mr. Gladstone ought to know.

NORTHERN SLESWICK.—A Danish correspondent of the *Times* has been earnestly pleading the cause of Northern Sleswick against Prussia, and it must be admitted that there is much truth in what he says. Almost all the inhabitants of Northern Sleswick are Danes in blood and in speech; and they are as hostile to German supremacy to-day as they were twenty years ago. In vain it is pointed out to them that they now form part of the greatest Empire on the Continent, that they are probably already better off than they would be under Danish rule, and that if they will have patience they may hope to profit largely by the development of German industry and trade. Of all this the Danes of Sleswick are well aware, but their answer to it simply is that they are Danes, and that association with their kinsfolk seems to them to be infinitely preferable either to military glory or to commercial prosperity. Why should not Prussia let them have their way? A Prussian might indeed retort, "Why does not England let the Irish have their way?" But the cases are by no means similar. In the first place, a powerful minority in Ireland would dislike nothing so much as the severance of the connection between their country and Great Britain; and, in the second place, whether rightly or wrongly, Englishmen are of opinion that the stability of the Empire might be imperilled by the establishment of Home Rule on the other side of St. George's Channel. But the people of Northern Sleswick are practically unanimous in their desire to be reunited to Denmark; and nobody pretends that if their wish were gratified either the Prussian Kingdom or the German Empire would be less safe than they are at present. These seem to be very sound arguments, but unfortunately there is not much chance that they will be listened to at Friedrichsruhe. Prince Bismarck has little sympathy with what he calls sentimental grievances, and for this particular sentimental grievance (if he ever thinks about it at all) he has probably a profound contempt.

GUY FAWKES AT LEWES.—Sussex used to be reckoned as quiet and well-behaved a county as any in England, but lately it seems to be developing quite a rowdy reputation. Can it be that the population which is attracted to watering-places (especially when they are, like Brighton, on a large scale) exercises a deteriorating influence on the residents? There may be something in this theory, and it may account for the numbers and the viciousness of the Skeleton Army (which no doubt includes in its ranks the bulk of the roughs and rowdies) both in Brighton and Eastbourne. And now an unfortunate man, signing himself "Decency," writes to the *Times* to complain of the annual Guy Fawkes demonstration in the ancient borough of Lewes. According to his account, which, it is only fair to observe, is strenuously denied by other correspondents, it is an appalling epoch, nearly as bad as Independence Day in the United States, during which quiet people burrow in their cellars to avoid the contents of the squibs, crackers, muskets, and revolvers, being thankful, upon emerging, if they don't find the house burnt over their heads. There is not much fun in the world nowadays, alas! and we should be loth to curtail the Lewes high-jinks; but there is a clear distinction between amusement and mischief, and the respectable inhabitants, who subscribe (under compulsion, says "Decency") a thousand pounds every year in support of this celebration, might surely band together in support of order. A properly-organised body of townspeople would exercise far more influence than an extra *posse* of policemen; and visitors would soon comprehend that it was quite as conducive to their own comfort as to that of the townspeople that all ruffianism should be swiftly suppressed.

TOUTING SOLICITORS.—One of the stock phrases of magistrates is "that they have no power to interfere." The other day a woman, who went to the Thames Police Court to take out a summons for assault, was led off by a tout to the office of a solicitor, who charged her half-a-guinea and procured her the summons, for which she had to pay two shillings extra. When this lady subsequently discovered that she could have got the summons for herself, she complained in Court, and wanted her half-guinea back. The magistrate agreed that she had been plundered, condemned the solicitor's conduct as disgraceful, but added that he could give her no help. This was quite a mistake on his part, for a magistrate can easily discover from the police who are the solicitors that tout, and he has the power to forbid such men from practising in his Court. So many evils have to be endured because it is nobody's certain business to right them, that one can have no patience with abuses which grow because those who might extirpate them have not the firmness to do so. Touting at police-courts is a serious nuisance, as it tends to bring poor and ignorant people into the clutches of the least reputable among lawyers. These men never consider a client's case on its merits. Their only object being to run up costs, they aggravate strife, and, when they can, turn little cases into big ones. Their demeanour and language in Court is often that of mere bullies. Nervous witnesses cower under their bluster, and magistrates, for some incomprehensible reason, submit to their rudeness, even when it rebounds from the witness-box on to the bench. We must observe that in this respect there is a great difference between the Courts of stipendiaries and those of unpaid justices. The aldermen at the Mansion House and Guildhall preside with great dignity over their Courts, and so do country Justices over theirs. In spite of the jibes which the Great Unpaid have to suffer whenever they make mistakes, it must be said of them that they lend no countenance to lawyers of doubtful respectability, and that they know very well how to protect complainants against "plunder" and witnesses against intimidation.



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NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA FOUR-PAGE SUPPLEMENT, entitled "OLD AND YOUNG EGYPT," PART II., by H. H. Johnston, F.R.G.S., F.Z.S.



THE EGYPTIAN EXPEDITION—FROM THE THAMES TO THE NILE

The incidents of a trip from London to Alexandria have been frequently described and depicted, but for the past few months there has been an unusual interest attached to this voyage. Not only has every vessel been packed with military men and stores, but owing to the cholera epidemic those passengers to the East who are usually wont to escape the terrors of the dreaded "Bay" by embarking at Marseilles, Naples, or Brindisi, have been compelled to begin their sea journey at Gravesend or Plymouth.

With regard to the incidents illustrated our artist writes: "The P. and O. Company runs a steamer from Tilbury to their vessels in mid-Thames, to embark the passengers and to take away the friends who wish to see them off. 'Getting Into Warmer Climes' depicts exhausted nature refreshing itself on a warm afternoon. The sketch of 'Her Diary' represents a common object on the deck in calm weather. There is always a good deal of writing at sea, especially after the vessel has touched at some port, where, if only for a few hours, the passenger goes ashore, returning with plenty of 'copy' to fill the day's page." The other sketches need little description, but respecting "Circling the Bar," our artist writes: "Life on board ship becomes very monotonous, unless some amusement is started, and thus 'Circling the Bar' and other gymnastics were resorted to in the morning, the ship's gear serving well for the purpose. The first glimpse which you see of Egypt on approaching in the direction of Port Said is the lighthouse, standing up out of the sea, and even after sighting it no signs of land are visible for some time."

THE MEETING OF THE THREE EMPERORS

As in all Teutonic Court festivals, one of the chief features of the meeting of the three Emperors at Skierniewice was a great hunt. A large quantity of game was imported from Austria for the occasion. Each Sovereign duly bagged his share of elk, boars, and lesser game.—Our illustration is from an instantaneous photograph by Mr. K. Brandel, of Warsaw, the inventor of the new photographic revolver. We are also indebted to Mr. J. Edward Litten for his courtesy in forwarding the photograph.

Our second illustration, also from a photograph by Mr. K. Brandel, portrays the group of the three Foreign Ministers, who, while their Sovereigns were hunting, held sweet converse together with regard to the future course of events in Europe. Of the three men, Prince Bismarck is by far the veteran, both in age and service. He has held the reins of power now for more than twenty years, while both M. de Giers and Count Kalnoky have only held their posts a comparatively short time. The former succeeded Prince Gortschakoff in 1882, and being of Teutonic origin and of very decided German sympathies, his appointment was warmly hailed by both Germany and Austria as a proof that the Czar intended to abide by the union of the three Empires. Moreover, he had long been Prince Gortschakoff's right hand, and had made himself a *persona grata* with the chief Powers. Count Kalnoky succeeded Baron Haymerle as Austrian Foreign Minister in 1881, when actually

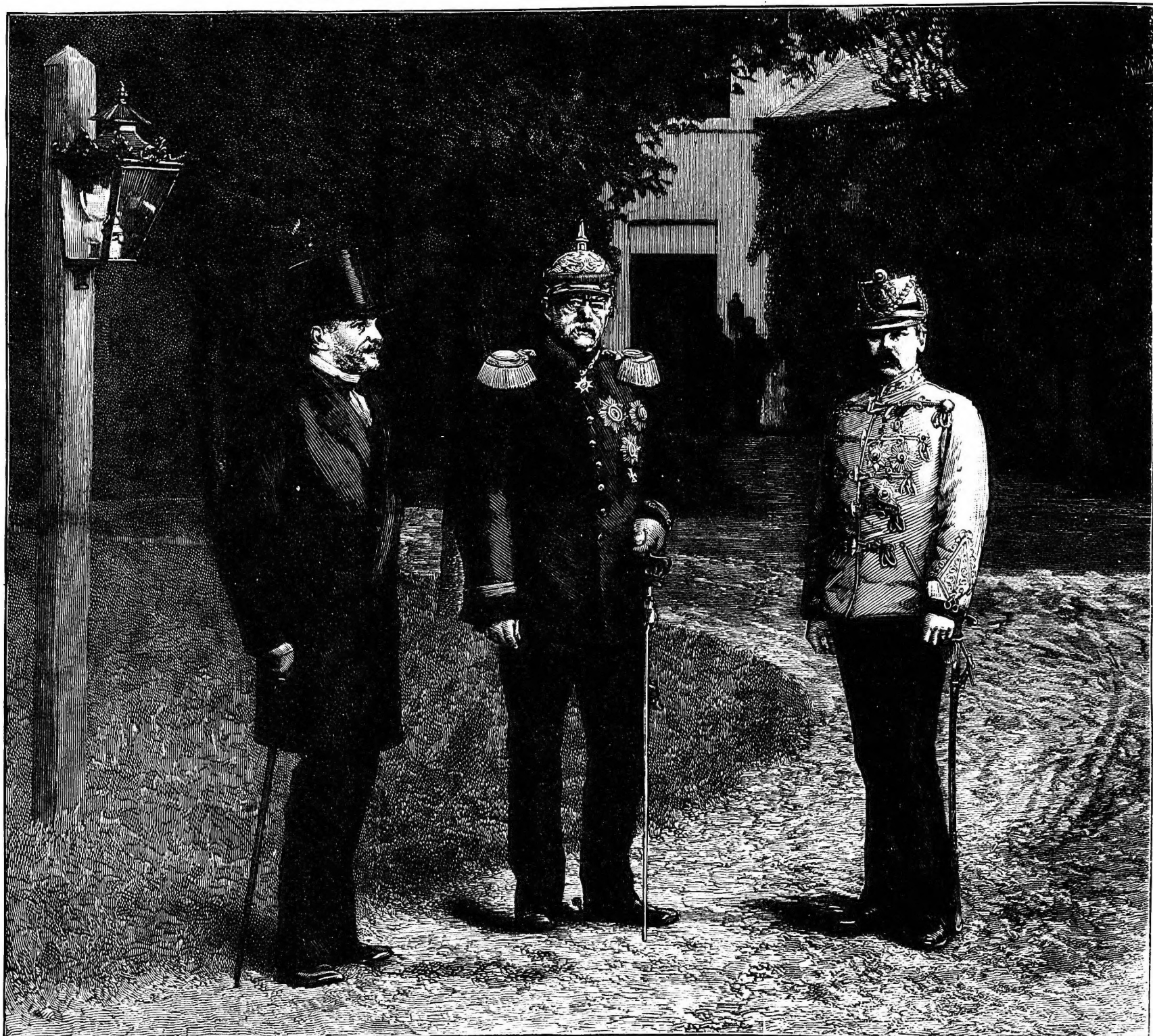


THE CZAR'S HUNTING PARTY

M. de Giers

Prince Bismarck

Count Kalnoky



THE GERMAN, RUSSIAN, AND AUSTRIAN CHANCELLORS

THE MEETING OF THE THREE EMPERORS AT SKIERNIEWICE, POLAND

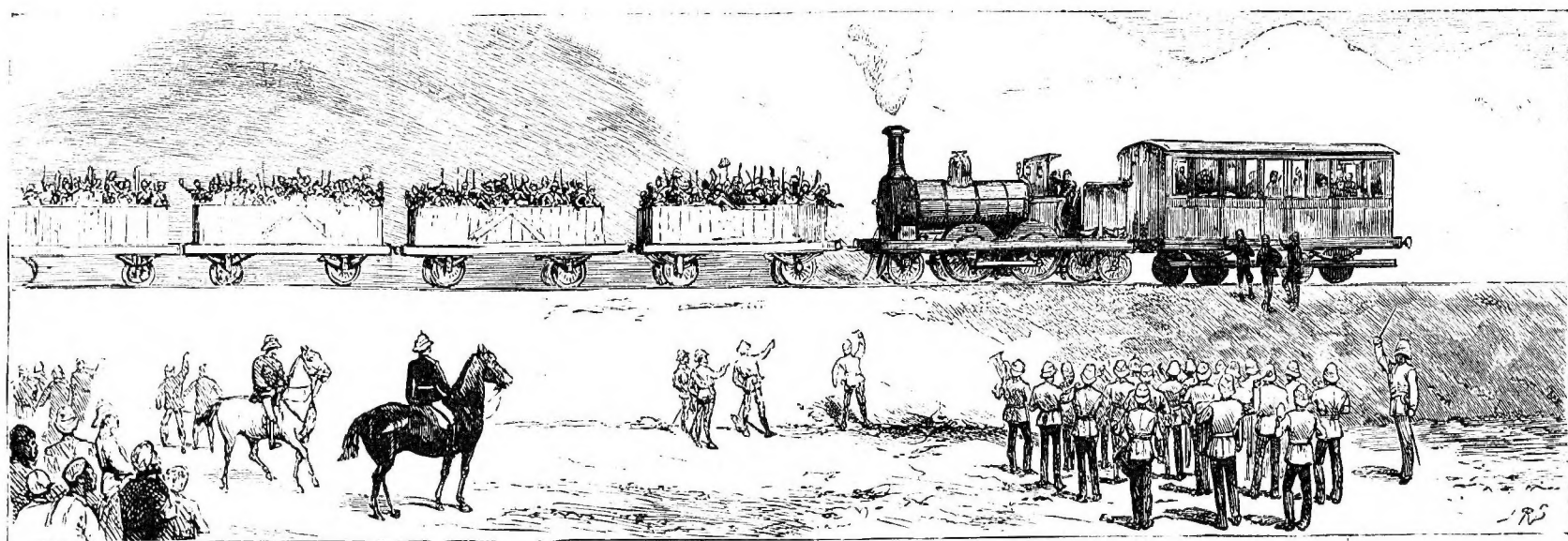
FROM INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPH



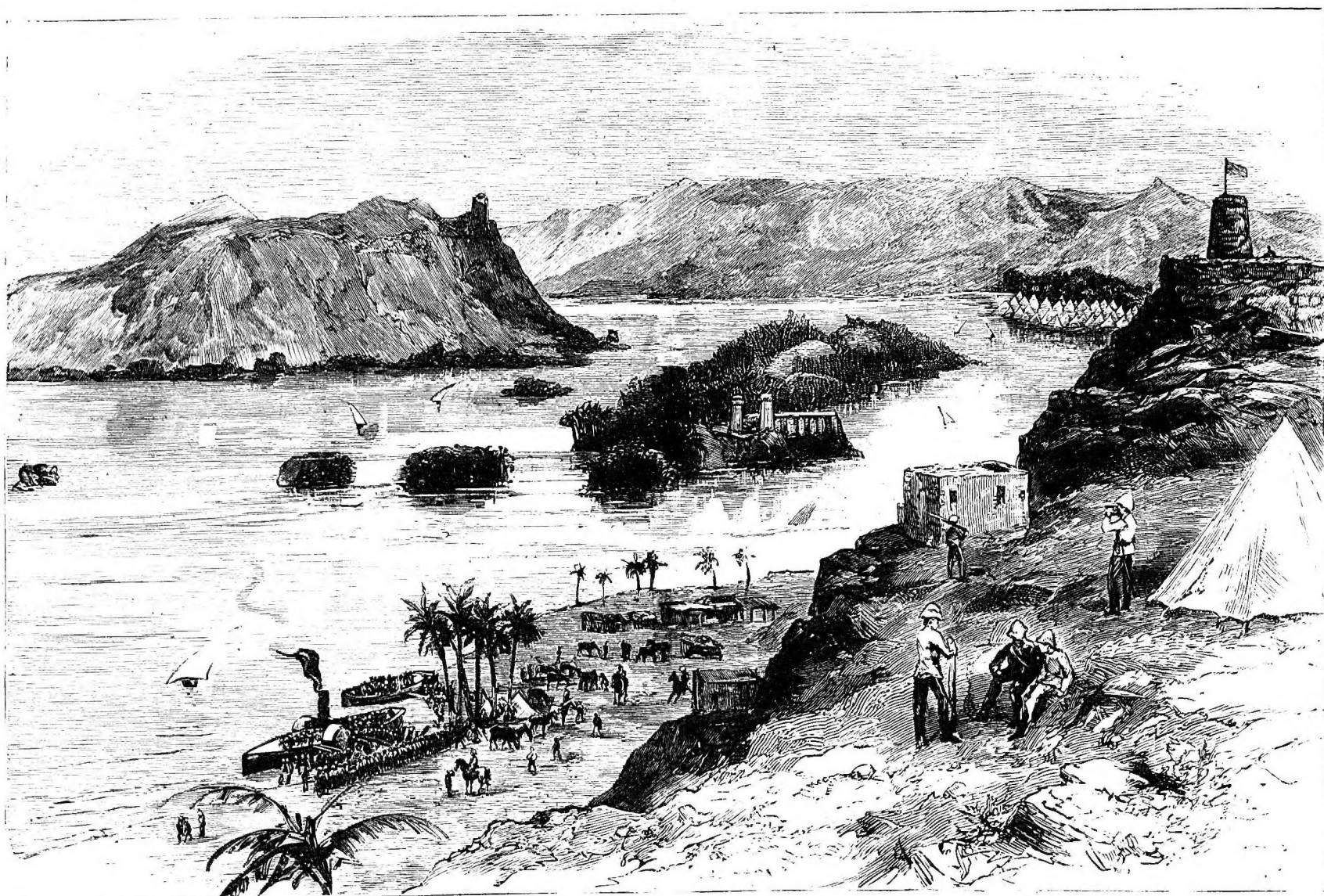
BRIGADIER-GENERAL SIR O. V. TANNER, K.C.B.
In Command of the Zhob Valley Expedition, India, to Chastise
the Kakar Pathans for Raids on British Territory



LIEUTENANT JOHN D. NICHOLLS, R.N.,
Commander of H.M.S. "Wasp"
Drowned in the Wreck of that Vessel



THE FIRST ROYAL SUSSEX LEAVING ASSOUAN FOR THE FRONT



THE NILE AT ASSOUAN, WITH THE ENCAMPMENTS OF BRITISH TROOPS

THE NILE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON
FROM SKETCHES BY MILITARY OFFICERS

Ambassador at St. Petersburg, where he was exceedingly popular. He has had some thirty years of foreign service experience, and is an exceedingly able statesman. Whatever themes were treated of during the parley of the three Ministers have not been divulged, but Prince Bismarck's organ, the *North German Gazette*, remarks this week that no agreement of a hard-and-fast kind was come to, and no new condition of things was inaugurated. The meeting of the three sovereigns no more implies a menace to other nations than it holds out the prospect of reactionary measures in their own dominions. "It was merely," adds the *Gazette*, "a formal strengthening of the good understanding already existing between the three Powers, who have nothing to ask from themselves or from others, and who are completely at one in the sincere desire to preserve peace—to animate commerce by reawakening and increasing public confidence in the maintenance of the world's peace, to encourage industry, and promote the welfare of nations."

LIEUTENANT JOHN D. NICHOLLS, R.N.

THIS lamented gentleman was in command of H.M. gunboat *Wasp* at the time of her fatal wreck off Tory Island, Donegal. The *Wasp* had been thirty hours under sail from Westport, it not being considered necessary to employ steam, as there was plenty of time to reach Moville. The furnaces were banked, and, with shortened sail, the gunboat went easily along. Lieutenant Nicholls gave the course to the man at the wheel, and turned into his cabin. Some hours afterwards he was informed that the ship was drifting to leeward. He replied that the man must steer the course directed by his superior officer, and all would be right. After the vessel struck, according to the evidence of Quartermaster Rattenbury, one of the survivors, Commander Nicholls was seen on the bridge in his night shirt, together with Lieutenant King and Sub-Lieutenant Guppy. A sea came and washed the officers away.

The Court-martial, which assembled on board the *Victory* at Portsmouth, found that the *Wasp* was wrecked in consequence of the want of due care and attention in the navigation of the gunboat while proceeding from Westport to Moville. The Court further found that no blame was attributable to any of the surviving officers, petty officers, and crew.

The secretaries of the fund raised by the Society of Friends for distributing seed-potatoes to the distressed natives of the West of Ireland, who made several trips in the *Wasp*, certify to the kindness, the courtesy, and the zeal displayed by Lieutenant Nicholls and his crew in their efforts made to relieve distress, the men willingly undergoing much hard and dirty work in loading and unloading the vessel. Mr. Vesey Stoney, the High Sheriff of Mayo, speaks of "the minute care which Commander Nicholls took of all connected with his ship. I have known him, on several occasions, put himself to much inconvenience when on shore in order to return to his ship, fearing that any possible accident might occur. He was a thorough seaman, beloved by his officers and men; a kind and courteous gentleman, respected by high and low."—Our portrait is from a photograph by Lafayette, Parisian Studio, Westmoreland Street, Dublin.

THE ZHOBI EXPEDITION—PORTRAIT OF GENERAL TANNER

THE Zhoib Valley, which is situated on the Northern frontier of British India, to the north-east of Pishin, is about a hundred miles long, with an average breadth of twenty miles. It is elevated about 3,500 feet above the sea, is well cultivated and watered, and gives an abundant yield of cereals, flocks, and fruits. It is inhabited by the Kakar Pathans, who nominally acknowledge the sovereignty of the Ameer of Afghanistan. They are a wild and lawless people, and, as they have lately made several raids into British territory, an expedition has recently been organised for the purpose of punishing them. It is anticipated that Shahjehan, the leading chief of the Zhoib Valley, will collect no less than 12,000 men, and will offer determined opposition. The British force operating consists of about 4,600 men, and is expected to be absent about two months. The total transport of the force is about 2,000 mules and 900 camels. Among the corps engaged are the Royal Artillery, Bombay Lancers, Bengal Lancers, Punjab Cavalry and Infantry, 45th Sikhs, Madras Pioneers, and the North Staffordshire Regiment. The variations of climate at this time of year are so great that the troops have started with light clothing, and will finish up with winter kit. The Expedition is commanded by Brigadier-General Sir O. V. Tanner, K.C.B., commanding the Quetta district.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Fradelle, 246, Regent Street, W.

OUR TROOPS AT ASSOUAN

ASSOUAN, which lies at the foot of the First Cataract, is one of the most important bases of our military operations on the Nile. As far as Assiout, 229 miles from Cairo, our troops are conveyed by train. There they embark on board steamers, which transport them to Assouan, a distance of 354 miles. At Assouan the troops and stores are landed and conveyed by train to Philæ, a distance of six miles up the river beyond the Cataract, where they are again placed on steamers, and taken to head-quarters at Wady Halfa, a distance of 200 miles. Assouan is the frontier town of Egypt proper, as at the First Cataract begins Lower or Southern Nubia. At this point the traveller finds a striking change in both life and scenery—the natives are jet black, while the more craggy rocks which characterise the Upper Nile, and especially the First and Second Cataracts, now begin to appear. The First Cataract can be passed by Nile steamers from August to June, and boats of not more than sixty tons can pass at all seasons.—This illustration is from a sketch by Colonel the Hon. J. Colborne. The encampment is that of the Duke of Cornwall and Essex Regiments. The sketch is taken from the quarters of the 4th Battalion Egyptian Army, under Colonel Wynn. One of our sketches depicts the 35th Regiment leaving Assouan for the front. The departure of the troops was witnessed by a crowd of spectators, and the band of the "Pompadours" played "Auld Lang Syne" as the train moved off. The officers rode in carriages of the plainest description, and the men with their rifles and valises travelled in trucks.

TOWING THE STEAMER "NASAF-EL-KHAIR" UP THE CATARACT

OUR sketches represent the hauling of the first of the armed Nile steamers, the *Nasaf-el-Khair*, over the Second Cataract, beyond Wady Halfa. As the river was falling rapidly, it was determined to make the attempt, though the Cataract was far from being in satisfactory order, owing to the unusually low Nile for this time of year.

Three thousand men had been sent down from Dongola by the Mudir to assist in dragging steamers over, and all the arrangements were under Commander Hammill, R.N.

The Nile Cataract is rather a misnomer. The Cataracts consist of a series of rapids, extending over many miles of river, studded with rocky islets of the strangest forms. These islets were utilised either for hauling parties or for obtaining a fixed point for enormous blocks, through which passed the hawsers, which in this way were worked from the mainland, thus obtaining a straight pull on the steamer. The hauling parties were directed by a previously arranged system of flag signals.

The rush of water in the so-called Gate of the Cataract is enormous, and in getting through that slow in the sketch

three hawsers gave way, fortunately without any material damage to the steamer.

The gate in the sketch was so narrow that there was barely room for the steamer to scrape through, and the rush of water here was so tremendous that again and again the attempt failed, chiefly owing to the hawsers giving way at the most critical moment, and the steamer had to remain where she is depicted for the night, but passed through the following morning.

The Dongola men worked with a will, but the strangest sight was to see the Shillalis, an almost amphibious race who live about the Cataracts, shooting the rapids, in which but few European swimmers could live, with the most perfect ease, and carrying their scanty clothing tied up in a bundle on their heads.

Each man is provided with an inflated skin, like the Indian murruck, and floating on this he goes anywhere; but even without it his power in the water is wonderful.

The hills are strangely fantastic in form, and the contrast between the coal black rocks and the dazzling sand is most remarkable. The islands and the mainland were alive with natives, and this formed a strange scene not to be easily forgotten. Sir E. Wood and his staff were present, and watched the proceedings with the greatest interest.

THE CHILIAN WAR SHIP "ESMERALDA"

THE *Esmeralda* was built by Messrs. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co. (Limited), to the order of the Chilean Government, and only recently sailed from the Tyne for that country. Her construction was begun in 1882, and occupied rather more than two years. She might have been despatched much sooner, but was prevented from leaving the Tyne owing to the war between Chili and Peru.

Her dimensions are—length, 270 feet, breadth, 42 feet, displacement, 3,000 tons, draught, rather over 18 feet. When fully stored, armed, and equipped for sea she carries, in addition to several smaller guns, two 25-ton guns, each with a projectile weighing 450 pounds, with a penetrative power at the muzzle estimated at twenty-one inches of iron armour. The chief characteristic of the vessel is her speed. In her trial off the Tyne a few weeks ago she accomplished 18.28 knots per hour, being thus the fastest cruiser in existence.

At the annual meeting of the shareholders of Messrs. Armstrong, Mitchell, and Co. (Limited), Sir William Armstrong, who presided, made some noteworthy remarks concerning the *Esmeralda*. These remarks deserve especial attention just now, when an uneasy feeling exists that our Navy is not what it should be, but when at the same time an entire ignorance prevails among the general public as to how it should best be strengthened. Ironclads, says Sir William Armstrong, are almost useless for the protection of our merchant ships from depredation at sea, nor could mercantile and passenger steamers be adapted so as to act successfully as cruisers. What we want are powerful swift cruisers of the *Esmeralda* type, and a number of these can be constructed at the cost of a single ironclad.

THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

THIS great Trans-Continental line, which when finished will connect the eastern shores of Canada with British Columbia, continues to make rapid progress. The line will be about 2,900 miles in length, and will terminate in British Columbia, at Fort Moody, on Barnard's Inlet, near the town of New Westminster—about 1,400 miles from Winnipeg, Manitoba. For 1,200 miles from Winnipeg the road presents no engineering difficulties, as it lies over a fertile undulating plain, and has now been completed to the summit of the Rocky Mountains—to Kicking Horse Pass—of which we engrave a view from a photograph taken a few weeks since by Mr. Notman, of Montreal. This pass is 960 miles distant from Winnipeg, and it is there that the engineers will begin their more serious work, as the line will have to be carried over the Rocky Mountain range into British Columbia. This achieved, its farther course through the forest and hill region between the mountains and the coast present considerable difficulties, but these are already in a fair way to be overcome, as the railway works are being vigorously pushed forward from the British Columbia side. The photographs have been forwarded by Mr. T. H. Thomas, our artist with the British Association—a number of whose members have been conveyed as far West as the railway went in a special train courteously provided by the company.

Our artist writes:—"The excursion has been carried out upon the most generous scale by the Canadian Pacific Railway, and has proceeded quite without hitch of any kind, from our leaving Port Arthur and Lake Superior, until our return—a continuous journey of a week, of which one day was spent in the gorges of 'Kicking Horse Pass.' Under the superintendence of Mr. Egan, the manager, who travelled with us, the members were able to see all the most interesting points en route, the train being carefully timed for the purpose."

"During the whole time of the excursion I have been more and more impressed with the grand nature of the excursion, which would seem to be about the biggest thing in the way of excursions which has ever been done, and the whole affair has excited quite intense interest over here."

BLONDIN CROSSING THE ARNO

ON the 28th ult., at 5.30 P.M., in order to increase the subscriptions which were being collected in aid of the sufferers by the cholera at Naples, Spezia, and Genoa, the world renowned funambulist, Blondin, crossed the Arno at Florence on a wire-rope. He first traversed the breadth of the river, with the usual balancing-rod in his hand; he then returned along the rope holding a chair, and also played on the cornet. He was loudly applauded, although the attendance of spectators was not so great as had been expected. The net sum collected, therefore, for the cholera sufferers was somewhat disappointing in amount, especially as sundry expenses had to be deducted. A wire rope had, of course, to be stretched across the Arno, and then, on the San Trinita and Caraja Bridges, high awnings were put up, to prevent people from assembling on these "coigns of vantage," and thus obtaining a gratis performance. For the spectators who paid, places were reserved by closing the Lung Arno Corsini and Guiccardini, and granting admission there only by ticket.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Arthur J. Danyell, La Sassina, Florence.

LORD SALISBURY IN GLASGOW

See page 381

"FROM POST TO FINISH"

A NEW STORY by Captain Hawley Smart, illustrated by John Charlton and Arthur Hopkins, is continued on page 389.

HISTORICAL COSTUMES AT THE HEALTH EXHIBITION

Few sections of the Health Exhibition are more popular than the nineteen cases where, thanks to the energy of the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, a complete collection of British historical costumes show the changes in both masculine and feminine fashion from the time of William the Conqueror to the present day. The Ancient Briton certainly is not there in all the glory of his war paint, but the collection begins with a "hind" in his sheepskin, which with greater regard to appearance than the Hibernian Brian O'Linn he wore

with the woolly side out. There is one noteworthy feature about the earlier costumes, namely, their elegant simplicity and, moreover, in feminine attire, a simplicity towards which we seem after centuries of the most extravagant absurdities to be in some degree returning. The costumes are all taken from trustworthy authorities, and in particular source from which each has been copied is mentioned beneath the figures, of which every case contains four—a lady and a gentleman of the period, together with a male and female representative of the humbler classes. The earliest period represented in our engravings is the thirteenth century, when Henry III. was king. The lady's dress is by no means unlike the modern "tea-gown," so fashionable for "afternoon" wear. Next we have one of the most comical costumes of the collection, that of a gentleman of the time of Richard II. It is almost impossible to tell from the dress whether the wearer is of the soft or of the stern sex, the costume being all slashed and daggled into the shapes of leaves and flowers. The lady wears a waistcoat-bodice not unlike many donned by young ladies of the present day, who, however, short in their imitation at the monster pincushion which adorns her head. A far more becoming masculine costume is the gentleman of the time of Edward IV., though his long-pointed boots, against which the clergy thundered their anathemas, do remind one of Canadian snow shoes. The length of the shoe varied according to rank, high-born folk wearing them a foot long, while Princes considered themselves privileged to double that length. This lady is chiefly eccentric in respect to her head-dress, though up to a few years since caps like these, the falling veil and crown excepted, were to be found in Normandy. The beggar woman's costume, save for the sandals, would excite but little comment even now. After passing the "Holbein" costumes of Henry VIII., we next come to the time of Good Queen Bess and of the Elizabethan ruff. The lady depicted is Lady Bacon, and is taken from a portrait in the possession of Lady Verulam, and the costume has been verified moreover by one of Zuecher's pictures in Lord Salisbury's collection. Then ensued a period of extravagant luxury in dress both for men and for women until the Commonwealth, when the good Puritans went, perhaps, to the other extreme in severe simplicity, though it is a further proof of what we were remarking above with regard to our return to simplicity of dress, that the clinging skirts, the closely-drawn sleeves, and even the steeple-crowned hat are noteworthy features of modern fashions. In the interim, however, there has been a period of ludicrous extravagance—we do not mean that of Charles II. nor that of Anne, a lady of which time is illustrated, but that of the Georges, when the dresses worn certainly reached the ugliest point. The hoops were simply appalling, while the head-dresses outstripped anything which had been previously conceived or since worn. Nor were the male dandies—the Macharones—any the less absurd, though perhaps the elderly gentlemen showed to advantage in their richly-coloured coats and waistcoats and their heavy wigs. The same cannot be said of the old fogies of the time of the Prince Regent, the cut of whose coat and "ducks" has certainly been improved upon even by the tailors of the present pro-aesthetic age.—Our engravings are from drawings by Mr. H. E. Tidmarsh.

IN A SCULPTOR'S STUDIO

THE general public learnt something about the art and mystery of "sculpting" during that famous and protracted trial "Belt v. Lawes," but as a rule people are rather ignorant, and many believe that the sculptor just takes a shapeless block of marble, and with his chisel there and then chips out of it some such lovely creature as Venus Anadyomene. This sounds very nice and very romantic, but unfortunately it is not in accordance with fact. The real process is much more mechanical. The original clay model is what shows the sculptor's genius. The work on the marble is done by skilled workmen, aided by careful measurements and sundry mechanical appliances. In our engraving, which is from a drawing by Mr. J. Watson Nicol, we see a sculptor at work. He is modelling an equestrian sketch of Richard II. knight of Walworth over the dead body of Wat Tyler. The representative of Richard is not to be envied, he must have got rather cramped in the legs. The sculptor depicted is Mr. H. Richard Pinker, who this year exhibited in the Royal Academy an heroic group of "Britannia," a bust of Professor Rolleston (for the Oxford University Museum), and a head of Miss Hawtayne. Mr. Pinker has exhibited many previous busts at the R.A.



THE QUEEN, it is reported, being desirous of a settlement of the controversy between the Government and the Conservative majority in the House of Peers, has asked the Duke of Richmond to attempt mediation. However this may be Lord Hartington, addressing in a moderate speech his constituents on Saturday, held out the olive-branch, or a twig of it, by hinting that the Government might be disposed to introduce their Redistribution Bill during the Autumn Session, provided the Conservative leaders would undertake, if the measure seemed to them fairly equitable, to pass the Franchise Bill. Lord Salisbury's reply to this overture has still to be waited for. Perhaps it was to have an interval of silence for negotiation that he declined an invitation to address the Conservatives of Aberdeenshire. To-day (Saturday) Lord Salisbury speaks at Kelso, when some reference to Lord Hartington's hinted compromise is to be expected.

IN A SPEECH on Tuesday, addressed to a great Liberal gathering at Hanley, and otherwise denunciatory of Lord Salisbury and the Conservative Peers, Mr. Chamberlain so far endorsed Lord Hartington's offer as to intimate that the Government would willingly communicate the scheme of Redistribution, as a preliminary, but with the view of influencing less Lord Salisbury than those of his followers who may wish to recede from the position which they took up last Session. And neither Lord Hartington nor Mr. Chamberlain would listen to Lord Salisbury's demand that the Redistribution Bill should be introduced so as to allow the Peers to consider it simultaneously with the Franchise Bill, and to be free to reject the latter if they did not approve of the former.

THE ONLY CONSERVATIVE of Cabinet rank who has spoken in public since Lord Hartington threw out his hint for a compromise is Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. Addressing a Conservative meeting at Bristol, he declared both his hope and belief to be that the Conservative leaders would not be "gulled by talk of compromise to give up that principle for which they had striven, viz.: That it should not be possible by the passing of the Franchise Bill into law before the Redistribution Bill for the Prime Minister to be able to coerce Parliament in the settlement of redistribution. Such a statement is, of course, unfavourable to the prospects of a compromise. On the other hand, speaking with his colleague, Mr. Walter, at an agricultural dinner at Maidenhead, on Tuesday, Sir R. Lloyd-Lindsay repeated approvingly the suggestion often made before for a compromise, that if the Redistribution Bill proved to be one requiring lengthy consideration, the Franchise Bill should be simply amended so as to delay its coming into operation. But as Sir R. L. Lindsay retires from the representation of Berkshire at the

General Election, he is to be regarded rather as an adviser than as a spokesman of the Conservative party.

IN A VIVACIOUS ADDRESS to a Conservative meeting at Carlisle on Wednesday Lord Randolph Churchill accepted Lord Hartington's offered compromise, and expressed his belief that if the Government produced a Redistribution Bill which was found to be fair and equitable, the whole question of Parliamentary reform would be easily and speedily settled. Lord Randolph's view of a just scheme of redistribution was that it should approximate, as nearly as possible, to a representation based solely upon numbers, and while preserving the distinction between agricultural and manufacturing districts, should create, as a general rule, single member constituencies.

OF THE MANY NUMEROUS LIBERAL DEMONSTRATIONS of the present week the most important have been that at Leeds addressed with more vigour than novelty by Mr. W. E. Forster, Mr. John Morley, and Mr. Herbert Gladstone, and that at Hanley, already referred to, under the auspices of the National Liberal Federation, which has been holding its annual meeting in the neighbourhood. At this meeting it was agreed to raise a fund of 100,000*l.* to promote the passage of the Franchise Bill, and it was announced that 24,250*l.* had been already subscribed. At Hanley, as elsewhere, the feeling expressed by advanced Liberal speakers was strongly adverse to a compromise of any kind, partly because this would interfere with the contemplated agitation for "mending or ending" the House of Lords.

IN HIS RECENTLY PUBLISHED "AUTOBIOGRAPHY" Lord Malmesbury told an amusing anecdote of Lord Granville and Count Buol, then the Austrian Ambassador in London, which from the context it was to be inferred he had received from Lord Granville himself, whom he was succeeding at the Foreign Office. It was that on receiving from Count Buol, whom from his own experience Lord Malmesbury describes as a most overbearing diplomatist, some "Notes from Rome and Medina, suggested by Austria," demanding the extradition of their refugees, Lord Granville's answer was to throw them after the Austrian Ambassador, as the latter left the room. Quoting the anecdote in a review of the work, a penetrating critic in a great morning journal made the discovery that a "certain politic brusquerie, such as was recently displayed at the close of the late Conference on Egyptian Finance, was already an occasional characteristic of Lord Granville's diplomatic manner during his first tenure of the Foreign Office." Unfortunately for the anecdote and the commentator on it, in a letter to Lord Malmesbury Lord Granville denies that he was "guilty of any personal discourtesy to Count Buol, a diplomatist of high character. I did not," Lord Granville adds, "throw the Notes after him, but returned them in a despatch, giving at length the reasons for doing so."

MR. J. R. LOWELL, the American Minister, has been delivering at Birmingham to the Midland Institute, as its President for the year, a very clever and characteristic address. It was mainly a defence of democracy and the democratic spirit as suited to our present stage of development, and as promising mankind a future better than the past. While friendly to Democracy, Mr. Lowell did not express unalloyed satisfaction with the present system of "government by discussion," which, he remarked, the English race carry nearest to perfection in practice. "It seems," he said, "a very safe and reasonable contrivance for occupying the attention of the country, and it is certainly a better way of settling questions than by push of pike. Yet if one should ask," he said, "why it should not rather be called government by gabble, it would have to flumble a good while before it found the change for a convincing reply."

THE MARQUIS OF STAFFORD has written on the grievances of the Highland crofters what will probably prove to be an "epoch-making" letter. The heir to the estates on which took place the far-famed Sutherland clearings pronounces the holdings of the crofters to be inadequate in size, and their security of tenure to be insufficient. He is ready to co-operate in removing the first of these grievances, and in procuring full compensation for the improvements of outgoing tenants. This, he is of opinion, would check both arbitrary evictions and augmentations of rent. Meanwhile, things are looking serious in Skye. Six hundred crofters have pledged themselves to pay no rent to a particular landlord until he has refunded them his increase on the rents paid by them to his predecessor. Those present were threatened with the destruction of their property if they refused this pledge.

IT IS NOT BY THE DUKE OF BEDFORD, who is favourable to the movement, but by his London tenants, that the abolition of gates and bars is opposed. Such at least was the statement made at a meeting of the Holborn Board of Works this week, when it agreed to join the Vestry of St. Pancras in asking the Board of Works to rescind a previous decision, and support a Bill in Parliament for the removal of those obstructions.

AS WAS ANTICIPATED, the Rev. W. W. Merry has been elected Rector of Lincoln College, Cambridge, in succession to the late Mr. Mark Pattison. Mr. Merry was Fellow and Lecturer of the College, and was appointed last year, without a contest, Public Orator of the University. He is also favourably known as the editor of the "Odyssey," and of some of the plays of Aristophanes.

DR. E. A. FREEMAN is gazetted Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY SYSTEM of London has been completed by the running of trains between the Mansion House and Aldgate Stations. It would be a great boon if to this was added the adoption of one or other of the various feasible plans which have been projected to prevent the emission of steam, smoke, and sulphurous fumes from the engines throughout the circuit.

IN THE REPORT, just issued as a Blue Book, of the half-yearly Report of the Port of London Sanitary Committee, reference is made to the polluted and malodorous condition of the Thames from Purfleet to Limehouse. The announced deodorisation of the river by the Metropolitan Board of Works with chloride of lime is spoken of as a very expensive and probably unsatisfactory procedure. In the mean time the Committee can only await the report of the Royal Commission, but the issue of this, unfortunately, they scarcely expect before the end of the present year.

THE VICE-CHAIRMAN of the Committee of Representative School Board Managers appointed to consider the supply of penny dinners for children attending Board Schools reports very favourably of the scheme, and expressed an opinion that the over-pressure existing in many of them is largely due to the want of proper food.

WITH THE RESUMPTION OF CABINET COUNCILS Lord Spencer has left Ireland for England, and will soon pay a visit to Her Majesty at Balmoral. No credence is given to the rumours of his intended resignation of the Viceregalty.

AMONG THE QUESTIONS on which Lord Spencer may have to consult his colleagues of the Cabinet one of the most urgent is that of the refusal of the Limerick Corporation to accept the compromise offered by him in the matter of the extra-police rate, of which, as previously mentioned in this column, they refuse to levy a single farthing. The Irish Executive hesitates to employ force, but meanwhile other local authorities are following the example of the Limerick Corporation. Those of Dungarvan and Clonakilty, for instance, have repudiated some 10,000*l.* of police-tax for which they were assessed. If these repudiations are tolerated one of the most important and salutary provisions of the Crimes Act will

become a dead letter, and the measure itself fall into general contempt.

THE "RODNEY," launched at Chatham on Wednesday, is the second of a new class of armour plated vessels to be named after English admirals. The *Rodney* is built of steel throughout, and a broad belt of steel is carried along her sides amidships, protecting the water-line from shell or shot. Her crew will number 430.

FROM THE RESULTS yielded during a trial cruise it is confidently expected that the new Cunard liner, the *Umbria*, now, with the exception of the *Great Eastern*, the largest vessel afloat, will perform the voyage across the Atlantic in six days.

A SCOTTISH GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY is being founded in Edinburgh, and will be "inaugurated" by Mr. Stanley early next month. One of the Society's main objects is to foster geographical education in Scotland, as this branch receives much less consideration than in other countries, and thus will give prizes in schools to encourage the study. Further, the Society will assist exploration in unknown regions, and the foundation of British stations and commercial colonies, will arrange for travellers to give public accounts of their work, will accumulate a good library and maps, and promote the publication of the best maps. The Society will publish a monthly magazine.

OUR OBITUARY includes, it is to be feared, the murder, by treacherous bedouins, of Colonel Stewart, Gordon's intrepid co-adjutor at Khartoum; also the death of Mrs. Blundell-Hollinshead-Blundell, formerly one of Her Majesty's Maids of Honour; of Admiral J. P. Blake, who distinguished himself in the naval operations against the Chinese in 1841, at the age of eighty-six; of the Hon. and Rev. E. T. St. John, brother of Lord St. John of Bletsoe, and Rector of Bletsoe, aged thirty-six; of the Venerable E. D. H. Knox, late Archdeacon of Killalee, in his eighty-third year; of the Rev. Edwin Wallace, Fellow and Tutor of Worcester College, translator of, and commentator on, the "De Anima" of Aristotle; of the Rev. C. Arnold, Honorary Canon of Peterborough and Rector of Tinevell, author of "The Boy's Arithmetic," at the age of eighty-two; of the Rev. W. S. Edwards, a Congregational minister of some eminence, author of recent works of travel and of popular theology; of Sir C. J. Freake, Bart., in his seventy-first year; and of Mr. Augustus Craven, husband of the well-known authoress, and formerly private secretary to Lord Palmerston, whose biography by Mr. Evelyn Ashley he translated into French. Mr. Craven also executed, at the request of the Queen, an abridged translation into French of the Life of Prince Consort.

THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S EXHIBITION

THERE is no startling novelty in this year's exhibition of the Photographic Society, now being held at the Galleries of the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, Pall Mall, but there as a distinct improvement shown in various directions. Firstly, photographers are better succeeding in their endeavours to make a picture complete in itself, instead of being satisfied with a mere reproduction of a portion of a scene. Such a photograph, deprived of the colour and surroundings of the original, may be excellent from a technical point of view, but will not in any way bear criticism if judged from an artistic standpoint. Now, as a brilliant exception to this, Messrs. Robinson and Thompson have sent a scene on the quays of Venice, "Venetian Boats," which is really an admirable picture in itself. Mr. H. P. Robinson also has sent some good figure studies in the open air, of which "He never told his love" has justly been awarded a medal. The boats of one of the young women, however, were a little too close to the lens, and look like banjo clogs. Mr. J. Gale also has some capital figure subjects, of which "At Rye—Oh, Piel!"—a flirtation between a fisherboy and a girl at a cottage door—is much the best. Mr. Adam Diston, whose charming old woman spinning excited so much admiration last year, shows another industrious housewife blowing out the dust from a Dutch clock, while his Dutchlike style has been successfully followed by Mr. G. Hadley in his "Small Studies," which have duly carried off a medal. The same artist's "Business Slack," a more ambitious study of fisher life, is capital. In many other figure subjects, however, the figures still possess the stiffness of which we have before complained, and the models are manifestly uncomfortable in their unusual costumes. Indeed it is here, in such pictures, for instance, as Mr. Colesworth's "Awkward Lead," that the painter has the advantage over the photographer, for, while the grouping is excellent, the former would have been able by a touch of his brush to soften the rigidity of the most iron-jointed model.

Of portraits proper, Mr. Valentine Blanchard shows some capital full-length figures in unconventional attitudes, of which "A Siesta" is exceptionally graceful, while those of Messrs. Lafayette and of H. S. Mendelssohn are particularly worthy of mention, the latter especially for the arrangement of the drapery. Of animal studies there are exceptionally few this year. Mr. Dixon, as usual, to the fore, sends a Spanish Imperial eagle, while a splendid cat, an enlargement on porcelain, is sent by Mr. H. Pointer.

The second improvement to be noted is undoubtedly the reproduction of interiors, which, thanks to improved lenses or better plates, can now be clearly depicted. With a lively recollection of the difficulties in Italy of procuring any really good photographs of interiors of churches, we can award the most unhesitating praise to the really magnificent photograph, by A. G. Tagliaferro, of "The Interior of St. John's Church, Malta," in which all the abundant detail is faithfully reproduced. Nor is the improvement any the less marked in many other interiors exhibited. And here we may express our surprise at the extreme paucity of architectural subjects, considering how far afield both amateur and professional photographers go nowadays. There are also very few foreign subjects, but of these a melancholy interest attaches to the desert scenes in Algeria by the late Mr. Baden Pritchard, taken only a week or so before his death, while Mr. J. Harris Stone sends some good reminiscences of a trip to the Canary Islands, notably "The Troglodyte Village of Atalaya, Gran Canaria," and Mr. Donkin shows some more of his studies in the High Alps. These, by the way, together with similar scenes by Mr. V. Sella, from a photographic point of view are some of the finest things in the room. In the home landscapes, which form the majority of the photographs, there is good technical work, but little variety in artistic treatment. The School of Military Engineering send some good views of Lynmouth, Mr. Arthur H. Dyke-Acland some good landscapes showing long distances—a difficult feat to achieve with a small camera, Mr. J. Stenning some capital views in North Wales and the Lakes, Mr. H. B. Berkeley an exquisite platinotype print of Pangbourne Lock, and Captain Abney several scenes on the Cherwell.

As usual, there is no lack of "breaking waves," though several show signs of the negatives having been over-carefully touched up. One of the best is by Mr. C. Grassin. The velvety appearance of the neck of the wave is exceedingly good. There are some capital yacht studies on the Solent by Messrs. G. West and Son, and one very singular view of a wreck, evidently taken from a height above, by Mr. W. Brooks. Of the curiosities of the exhibition, we should mention photographs of a streak of lightning, by M. Auty, that of an express train, taken in 1-300th of a second, by Mr. C. Grassin; and some views from a balloon.

In addition to the photographs, there is a comprehensive display of apparatus, with some new instantaneous shutters and some abnormally light cameras, especially welcome to amateurs.



THE NATIONAL GALLERY's recent acquisition, Antonello da Messina's "Christ on the Cross," has been hung in Room XII, on the next screen to the great Leonardo.

THE FIRST TIN MINE in the UNITED STATES has just been found in Mason and Cabell Counties, West Virginia. The veins are stated to be rich enough to supply a dozen furnaces for several centuries.

DRINKING HABITS increase so much in Germany that in many places there is a liquor-shop to every thirty-one inhabitants. In Hamburg the proportion reaches one to seventy-one, and in Berlin one to every 116 persons.

A "CONVICTS' TAVERN" will shortly be opened in Paris as a rival in eccentricity to the medieval and Japanese restaurants lately introduced. The *café* is to be fitted up after the style of the hulks, and the waiters will wear convict dress.

A WEDDING ON HORSEBACK has lately been solemnised in Georgia, U.S.A., the bride being anxious that her marriage should be remembered as something out of the common. The ceremony took place in the country, all the bridal party being on horseback, while the officiating minister was allowed to stand in a carriage.

A HUNTING MILLENNIUM has just been kept in Styria, where Prince Augustus of Saxe-Coburg gave a *fête* to commemorate the killing of his thousandth chamois. All this family are true lovers of the chase, for a relative lately deceased, the Count of Erbach-Erbach, killed 9,302 heads of game during his sporting career.

THE LITERARY AND ARTISTIC CONGRESS at Brussels has closed, after deciding to meet next year at Madrid. The Congress adopted the following resolutions:—Musical works are protected as regards their publication, reproduction, and performance by the same rights as literary and artistic works; works of art should be subjected to no impediment, nor to Customs formalities; a proprietor of works of art is not permitted to exhibit them in public without the artist's authority.

A MISSING MEMBER OF THE GREELY RELIEF EXPEDITION has been brought to Dundee, the *Live Stock Journal* tells us. It is a fine Newfoundland dog, one of a pack taken on board the relief ship *Thetis* at St. John's for sledding purposes, and was accidentally left behind on Duck Island in Davis Straits, as the dogs were often sent ashore for a scamper to stretch their legs when the vessels were passing through the Straits. The crew of the whaler *Nova Zembla* heard the poor beast howl, and rescued the castaway when nearly starved. It is now quite recovered, and in perfect condition.

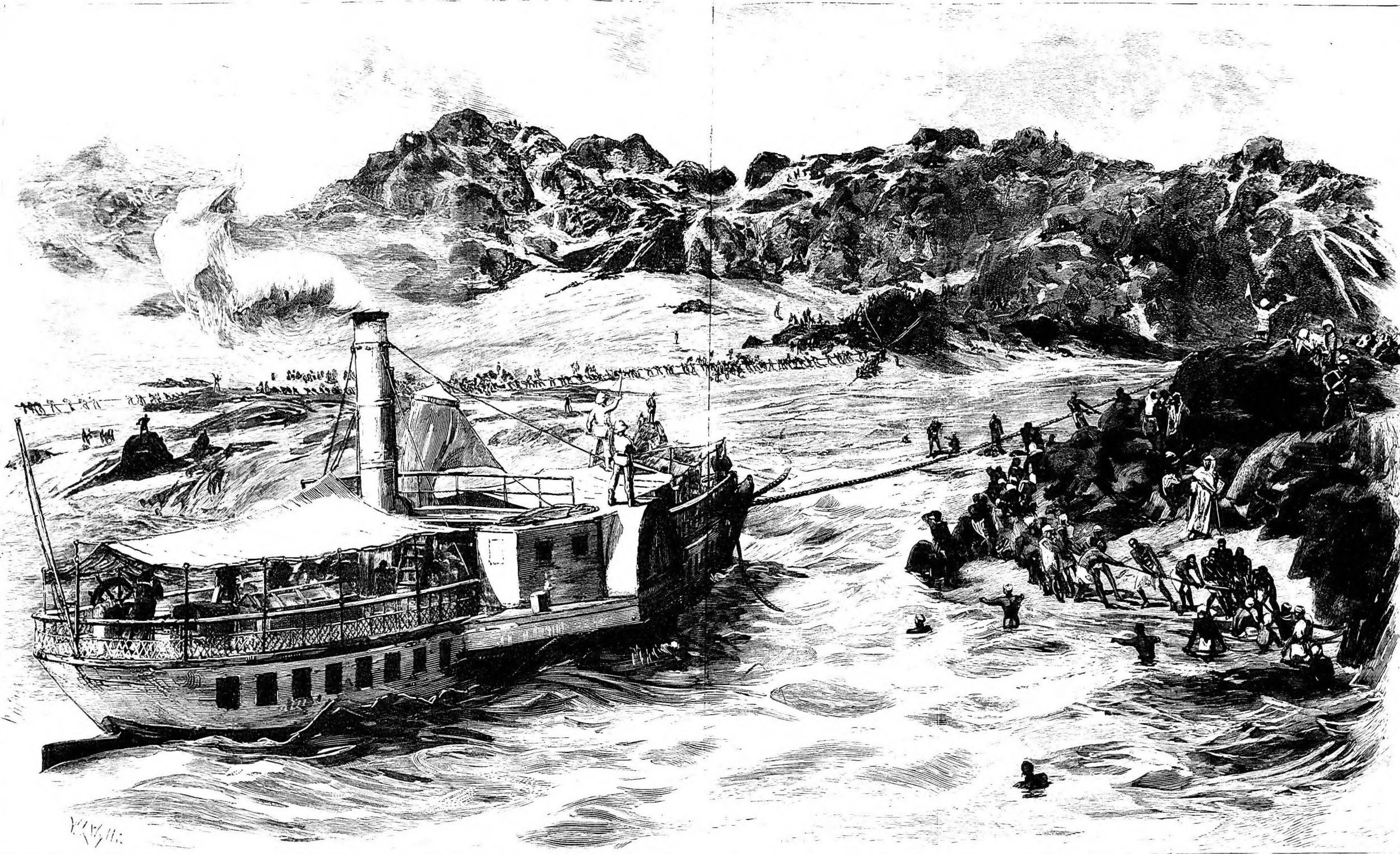
THREE AUTHENTIC "TURNERS" are said to have been brought to light by an Exeter hairdresser, who bought them from a furniture broker for 1*l.* apiece. The pictures give different views of the interior of Exeter Cathedral, and have been stowed away as lumber for half a century. The lucky finder has already been offered 1,500*l.* for his treasures, and Mr. Ruskin has intimated that he has not the slightest doubt that the paintings are the work of Turner. Each picture is 36 inches by 24, and all three were recently sold by the executors of the late Dr. Harris, who was Secretary of the old Graphic Society, at the meetings of which, works of high artistic interest were frequently exhibited. The three pictures were bought by the broker at the auction for 15*s.* simply for their frames.

A BALLOON OBSERVATION OF THE LUNAR ECLIPSE on Saturday night was attempted by some Paris journalists. They ascended from the Villette Gas Works, and, after narrowly escaping injury from the tall chimneys of the district, saw the total eclipse when at a height of 4,920 feet. Their highest altitude was 5,200 feet, where they were in perfect darkness, and found the cold so great that they had to huddle together in the bottom of the car. They descended at 2 A.M. on Sunday morning at the village of Rossay, near Loudun, in the Department of the Vienne, to the south-west of their starting point. Talking of aeronautics, a German engineer claims to have discovered a means of condensing or expanding the gas in a balloon by the use of carbonic acid. By this discovery not only could the aeronaut ascend and descend until he finds a suitable air-current, but in war time a balloon may enter the enemy's territory and leave again without requiring a fresh supply of gas.

A REMARKABLE SEA MONSTER has been seen off one of the Shetlands, the Island of Yell, where it was shot by one of the lookers-on. Some fishermen waiting on a pier at Barra Voe for the local steamer, saw two large dark objects afar off, which they thought were the sails of two small boats. As the objects came nearer, they proved to belong to a fish, which had its fins depressed on one side like a boat under heavy sail, and came straight towards the pier-head as if in pursuit. The fore-fin rose from three to four feet out of the water, and was sail-shaped and dark slate colour, while the after-fin was some thirty feet apart, and rather smaller; the body of the fish was long, and resembled a whale. It darted about in long circular sweeps, sending the water over the tops of its fins; and, when the contents of a double-barrelled gun had riddled the fore-fin, the monster sank and disappeared. Old fishermen believe the creature to have been a "bridgie"—a huge animal with two wing-like fins, which is stated to have several times pursued and destroyed boats.

PARISIAN APPETITES demand more meat and less bread in the year than any other town in France. In 1883 the Parisians consumed 293,145,033*lbs.* of meat, without counting game and *charcuterie*; while the quantity of fish eaten was much larger than in previous years. Hippophagy steadily increases, owing to horse-flesh being much cheaper than ordinary meat; and last year the Parisians ate 9,485 horses, 307 asses, and 40 mules—over double the consumption of ten years since. Asses and mules are considered much more delicate fare than horse, and are proportionately dearer. As to bread, each inhabitant does not eat quite 1*lb.* daily, although not a scrap is wasted. Second-hand bakers buy up the refuse from large hotels and establishments, and sell the best pieces to inferior eating-houses for soup, &c. The rest are baked afresh, ground to powder, and passed to the *charcutiers* to ornament their hams and cutlets.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, and 1,328 deaths were registered, against 1,243 during the previous seven days, a rise of 75, but being 117 below the average, and at the rate of 17.2 per 1,000. There were 70 deaths from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decline of 20), not one from choleraic diarrhoea or cholera, 10 from small-pox (the same as the previous week), 12 from measles, 26 from scarlet fever, 21 from diphtheria (an increase of 7), 11 from whooping-cough (a decline of 4), 1 from typhus fever, 18 from enteric fever, and 1 from an ill-defined form of fever. Deaths referred to as diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 184, a rise of 22, but being 67 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 47 deaths; 41 were the result of negligence or accident, among which were 25 from fractures and contusions, 6 from drowning, 1 from poison, and 2 of infants under 1 year of age from suffocation. Four cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,610 births registered, against 2,571 during the previous week, being 12 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 53.7 deg., and 0.9 deg. below the average.



THE NILE EXPEDITION FOR THE RELIEF OF GENERAL GORDON—TOWING THE ARMED STEAMER "NASAF-EL-KHAIR" OVER THE SECOND CATARACT, BEYOND WADY HALFA

FROM A SKETCH BY A MILITARY OFFICER



THERE is plenty of news from EGYPT. General Gordon is stated to have boarded Elber with three steamers for two days, killing the Governor, Mohamed Dukheid, and driving the rebels out of the town. He does not, however seem to have followed up his success, as he retired up the stream to Elgallin, leaving behind him Colonel Stewart, with one of the steamers, to push on down the river. This steamer unfortunately ran on a rock near the Fifth Cataract, and Colonel Stewart, on landing, is stated to have accepted the offer of a Bedouin to guide him across the desert route to Merawi, a short distance from Dongola. The Bedouin, however, is said to have proved a traitor, and Colonel Stewart and his party to have been murdered to a man. It is feared also that Mr. Power and M. Herbin, the French Consul, were with Colonel Stewart, and that they have shared his fate.

Meanwhile the preparations for the definitive advance of the Relief Expedition are being energetically pushed forward. Lord Wolseley reached Wady Halfa on Sunday in the Khédive's yacht *Ferroz*, and taking up his quarters in a dahabeah, told off the yacht for towing purposes. On Wednesday Lord Wolseley inspected the whole of the British troops. The stores and boats are now arriving in large numbers, and are being sent up the Nile as fast as possible; but it is feared that the enormous increase of traffic may cause a block at Assouan and also at Wady Halfa, where the locomotives appear to be breaking down, the capabilities of the little line to Sarras being hardly equal to the immense strain to which it is now subjected. The line, moreover, is being rapidly extended to Ambukol. Sarras is at present the chief base of operations at the front, and a hospital for 280 beds has been established there. Fifty-nine men are now on the sick list, mainly with dysentery and typhoid fever. One case of small-pox has occurred amongst the Black Watch at Assouan, and the regiment has accordingly been placed in quarantine. The actual "front" is at Dongola, where Colonel Stewart (not Gordon's Stewart), has been warmly welcomed by the Mudir, who has guaranteed all the needful supplies for the troops, and has promised to give the necessary orders to the villages of the province to bring in cattle and provisions. There was also a grand review of the Sussex Regiment and the Mounted Infantry, who rode their camels for the first time, making a very creditable performance. Captain Walsh arrived at Dongola on Tuesday, having made the journey in a nigger from Sarras, two hundred miles, in ten days. He states that the Zangwar Cataract, fifty miles from Sarras, is the most difficult, and is impassable without towing, which from the bank is impracticable. Various tribes between Dongola and Khartoum have tendered their submission, and have offered to afford all the aid in their power.

The protest of the European Powers against the suspension of the Sinking Fund having met with no response save a letter from Nubar Pasha, stating that the measure was inevitable, has been followed by a judicial summons before the Egyptian Court of First Instance of Nubar and Mustapha Fehmy Pashas, together with the officials who have paid to the Government the moneys claimed by the Debt Commissioners. The summons is signed by the Italian, French, and Austrian Commissioners, and accuses the Ministers of having acted beyond their privileges, and violated laws (the decrees of 1874) only changeable by the consent of the Khédive and the Powers. Lord Northbrook has been up the Nile as far as Assouan, and on his return will probably visit the Nile Delta. His report is expected to be ready at the end of the month. Lord Granville has accordingly issued a circular to the European Powers, requesting them to suspend their judgment upon the suspension of the Sinking Fund until that report has been received. Already there are numerous speculative rumours as to its probable contents, and it is stated that Lord Northbrook will recommend further sacrifices on the part of the bondholders, so that the Alexandrian indemnities may be paid. If we can judge by the tone of the German and French Press, a more friendly feeling towards England is springing up, and there is a general impression that the difficulty with regard to Egypt will be amicably settled. Germany's jealousy with regard to her new African colonies has been greatly softened down, while in France the Ministerial journals have replaced their former aggressive tone by an air of regret that circumstances should compel an alliance to be sought with Germany rather than with England. The Radical journals go farther than this, and urge an alliance with England, making the supposed *entente* with Germany a party weapon with which to belabour M. Jules Ferry, who is accused of being the mere tool of Prince Bismarck, who wishes to estrange France and England so that he may seize upon Holland and her colonies without encountering other than British opposition.

In FRANCE, indeed, this subject is the chief topic of discussion, and when the Assembly meets on the 14th inst. the matter will afford ample field for interpellating and badgering the unfortunate Ministers. Other topics for debate will be the proposed colonial army, the scheme for which has been completed by General Camponen, and the increased estimates for the Navy, which the *Débats* has discovered is as badly off as that of England is asserted to be, and which must be thoroughly rehabilitated if M. Jules Ferry's spirited colonial policy is to be continued. The Budget, however, shows a deficit of more than 2,000,000*l.*, and the Committee instead of advising the enhancement recommend the reduction of both Army and Navy Estimates. Meanwhile, Admiral Courbet is acting as energetically as ever in Formosan waters. On the 1st inst. he began operations on Kelung by occupying the eminence of St. Clement, and the next day, after a hot engagement, the Chinese troops evacuated the works. On the 4th other works to the south-east and Tamsui were occupied by Admiral Lespès, and after they have been fortified an advance will be made upon the coal mines. These mines are said to have been inundated by the Chinese, who, moreover, hold the chain of hills which separate Kelung from the interior. These are beyond the range of the ships' guns, so that a land expedition will be necessary. According to the latest news the Imperial Generalissimo Lui has retreated from Kelung on Banks, and Admiral Courbet is pursuing him with 2,000 men. In Tonkin, also, the French gunboats in the Loochuan have had a sharp skirmish with the enemy, when the French were ultimately successful, though with some loss. From PARIS there is little news, save that the proposed baby show having been prohibited, an "International Beauty Show" is now proposed on the model of a similar exhibition recently held at Pesth. A diamond necklace is the first prize, and the ages of the competitors will range from twenty to thirty. There have been some disgraceful scenes in the Church of St. Nicholas des Champs, the curé of which is at variance with the Municipality with regard to the demolition of his sacristy, which is required for widening the street. A number of roughs invaded the church on Monday and Tuesday, washing their hands in the holy water font, and smoking all over the building until ejected by the police.

The cholera epidemic is now universally decreasing. In FRANCE there are still a few cases in Marseilles and the other southern towns; in SPAIN the official returns give only an occasional case in Alicante and Lerida; while in ITALY the bulletins show a marked diminution

throughout the kingdom. Thus even at Naples there were only 48 cases and 11 deaths on Monday, while on Tuesday there were but 30 fresh cases and one death. Seven of those previously seized however died. In Rome there has been some little friction between the Cardinal Vicar and the Syndic owing to the former claiming a right to visit the lazarettos without subsequently submitting to quarantine. The sanitary cordon round Spezia has now been definitively removed.

AUSTRIA has been mourning the death of the popular painter, Hans Makart, who has been ailing for some time, and who died yesterday (Friday) week, at the age of forty-four. He is chiefly known in England by his picture, "The Entry of Charles V. into Antwerp," but in Austria his popularity was unbounded, and his studio in Vienna, erected at Government cost, and furnished with the greatest luxury, was one of the grand sights of the town. It may be remembered that he was the chief organiser of the magnificent historical procession which formed the most prominent feature of the Silver Wedding festivities of the Emperor and Empress of Austria, and at the time of his death he was painting some large canvases for the Royal Palace. The body lay in state on Sunday in Makart's studio, and was visited by thousands, while on Monday his funeral took place with great ceremony in St. Charles's Church. The remains have been temporarily interred in the Central Cemetery, but will eventually rest in the Pantheon.

IN DENMARK the Royal Castle of Christiansborg, at Copenhagen, has been destroyed by fire. The Thorwaldsen Museum and the Chapel were saved by blowing up an intervening pavilion, but the halls occupied by the Parliament were burnt, together with the beautiful Hall of the Knights, where the Medical Congress was recently entertained. Most of the pictures and books were rescued, but many of the Parliamentary archives, together with some valuable works of art, have been lost. Parliament assembled on Monday in the Grand Hall of the University, and the catastrophe was mentioned by the King in his opening speech. "This calamity," he remarked, "should cause serious concern, but must be at the same time an earnest appeal to us to labour in concord for the welfare of the country and the nation." Then pointing a moral, he urged the Rigsdag to secure the independence of Denmark by passing the measures necessary for its defence, and trusted that the other efforts made for the welfare of the country would then be crowned with success. The King has also issued a proclamation thanking all those who, by their exertions, aided in rescuing so many national treasures from the flames.

IN INDIA there has been a serious railway accident, near Arranghatta Station, on the Eastern Bengal State Railway, when the mail train from Goalundo to Calcutta came into collision with a goods train going in the opposite direction. The European driver and fourteen other persons were killed, and about twenty injured. From Afghanistan we hear that the Ameer has issued a proclamation announcing the passage of the Afghan Boundary Commission through Afghan territory, and urging the inhabitants to assist the Commissioners by all the means in their power. This proclamation has been read at a parade of troops, and in the chief Cabul mosques. The Zhoib Valley Expedition has arrived from Quetta at Dukki, the rendezvous at the entrance to the Valley. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught have been visiting the Khyber Pass, and have now gone to Cashmere.

In the UNITED STATES Mr. Blaine and Mr. Cleveland have been busily specifying this week, and both candidates for the Presidency have received monster demonstrations, the former in Ohio and the latter at Buffalo and Albany. The campaign is being conducted with great acrimony on both sides, a correspondent of a contemporary stating that even American politics have never before presented such a duel of slander and recrimination, the most respectable organs on both sides discussing the honesty and chastity of Messrs. Blaine and Cleveland in the language of Billingsgate. The most offensive scandals with regard to both statesmen are spread about, and the spectacle presented is most discreditable alike to Republicans and Democrats. As to the prospect of the election, it is agreed on all sides that if the Ohio election on Tuesday goes against Mr. Blaine, his chance is hopeless.

The International Congress to determine a universal meridian does not seem likely to come to any determination. The Anglo-American proposal to adopt Greenwich was opposed by the French delegates alone, who, moreover, urged that the object of the Conference was more to settle the desirability of a common meridian rather than to decide upon any actual meridian. M. Janssen, however, warmly advocated a meridian running through Behring Straits or one of the Azores. Finally the Conference adjourned. New York society has been startled by the elopement of Miss Morisoni, the daughter of Mr. Jay Gould's partner, with her father's coachman.

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear from BELGIUM that the King and Queen have been the object of disloyal demonstrations in Brussels, and that although the Republican party is not strong, there is much feeling in favour of certain constitutional revision in the direction of the existing mode of Ministerial Government. In ICELAND there was a most destructive hurricane on September 11th. Nineteen vessels, chiefly Norwegian traders, were lost, and thirty-two disabled, while sixty small fishing boats were wrecked, with great loss of life.



THE QUEEN is enjoying fine autumn weather at Balmoral, and is able accordingly to make frequent excursions with the Princesses. Thus Her Majesty and the Duchess of Albany have been to the Glen Gelder Shiel, where the Princesses Beatrice and Irene joined them on horseback, and the Royal party, on Monday, with Princess Christian, picnicked at the Dantzig Shiel, the Queen's new cottage, which has been repeatedly visited by Her Majesty and her daughters this season. After lunch the Queen and Princesses Beatrice and Irene drove from the Shiel by the Linn of Dee to the Linn of Quoich; while on Tuesday Her Majesty and Princess Beatrice drove through Braemar. Her Majesty has received several visitors during the week. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their sons have come over to dinner several times from Aberfeldie, and besides the Marquis of Hartington, Lord Lyons and the Dean of Windsor have been staying at the Castle, and have dined with the Queen. Madame Albani has also been twice at Balmoral to sing before the Royal party. On Sunday Her Majesty attended Divine Service at Crathie Church, for the first time during her present visit to Balmoral, Princesses Christian, Beatrice, and Irene, and the Grand Duke of Hesse, accompanying the Queen.

Capital sport has been enjoyed lately round Aberfeldie by the Prince of Wales and his two sons, Prince George having come north for a short recess from his studies at the Greenwich Naval College. The Grand Duke of Hesse generally joins the Princes, and the best day's sport this season was had at the end of last week, when thirteen stags were shot. The Princes received a lively welcome at Aberfeldie when they brought their spoil home, and the

Prince of Wales subsequently invited the neighbouring farmers to carry away as much venison as they liked. On Sunday the Prince and Princess and their family attended Divine Service at Crathie Church, and next day the Prince and Prince Albert Victor went to stay with Colonel Farquharson, at Invercauld, where they joined in a deer drive on Tuesday. Yesterday (Friday) the Prince and Princess were to leave for the south, Prince George having already returned to Greenwich, and on Tuesday go to stay with Lord and Lady Hastings, at Melton Constable, for the Norwich Festival. Afterwards the Prince will go to Newmarket, and on the 27th will stay with Earl Cadogan at Babraham Hall, near Cambridge.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh are at Eastwell for a short time, until the Duke resumes command of the Channel Squadron next week. The Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia is staying with his sister, and on Wednesday accompanied the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh to Chatham, where the Duchess christened the new ironclad *Kolney* with much ceremony.



THE BISHOP OF ROCHESTER has returned from the United States and Canada, where he traversed some ten thousand miles preaching, and also lecturing on temperance. He has expressed himself greatly satisfied with the working of the liquor prohibition laws, and the spread of temperance principles and practice on the other side of the Atlantic.

AT THE OPENING OF THE PETERBOROUGH DIOCESAN CONFERENCE, presided over by the Bishop, a resolution was carried, expressive of gratitude for his recovery from his late serious illness. The Bishop referred in his opening address to the satisfactory progress of Church building in Leicester, and even in "poor Northampton." Adverting to the question of housing the poor, he deprecated in the interest of that class itself an undue interference on the part of the State. If, Dr. Magee said, they could establish to-morrow, at the cost of the State, comfortable and cheap abodes for all the labouring classes of London, they would do more to pauperise them than anything else. Labour would flow to the place where comfortable and cheap residences were provided. This would lead to a reduction of wages, as well as to an increase of the rates.

THE CENTENARY of the consecration at Aberdeen of Bishop Senbury, the first Anglican Bishop in the United States after the War of Independence, as mentioned in this column last week, was celebrated in that town on Tuesday. One of Bishop Senbury's successors, the Bishop of Connecticut, preached, and amongst the American prelates present at a reception banquet were the Bishops of Minnesota and of Albany.

AT A CONFERENCE IN LONDON of the Association which euphemistically styles itself the Land Restoration League there was a muster of clergymen belonging to the new school of Clerical Democracy, which goes far beyond the Christian Socialism of the late Frederick Denison Maurice and Charles Kingsley. One of them moved a resolution in favour of the abolition of the House of Lords, and another recommending the immediate assessment of the land tax on its original basis of 4*s.* in the pound, and on the current value of the land.

THE CONGREGATIONAL UNION OF ENGLAND AND WALES has been holding this week its Autumn Session in the City Temple, attended by a large number of delegates and visitors. Dr. Joseph Parker, the President, in his opening address dwelt on the rights of the peasantry to a share in the land, which, however, was not to be given them through "public burglary," by which doubtless was meant Land Nationalisation. The originator of the "Poor Men's Politics" meetings of last winter, the Rev. S. T. Keane, read a paper denouncing what he called a "brutal political economy," and drawing detailed contrasts between the low wages paid for work in London and the high prices obtained by employers for the finished article. In the course of the proceedings of the Conference it was intimated that more than 350,000*l.* had been paid in to the Jubilee Fund, being 70,000*l.* in excess of the amount announced last year.

THE OPENING of the Autumn Meeting at Bradford this week of the Baptist Union of England and Ireland was attended by nearly a thousand ministers and delegates. At a subsequent meeting of the Baptist Total Abstinence Association, the statement was made that half of the ministers of the Denomination are total abstainers. At a meeting on behalf of the Missions of the Union, it was intimated that on the Congo the Union was to have ten interior stations 100 miles apart, covering 1,200 miles, from Stanley Pool to Stanley Falls.

THE CONTROVERSY respecting the pedlar and his dog, previously referred to in this column as exercising the minds of the parishioners of Lambeth, seems progressing towards a satisfactory settlement. In reply to a deputation asking that the window should be replaced in its former position, the Rector of Lambeth parish church suggested as a compromise that a window containing the representation of the pedlar and his dog should be cut on the south side of the church, close to the spot which it originally occupied.



MADAME CHRISTINE NILSSON.—Madame Nilsson made her first appearance this season at the concert given by Mr. Watts at the Albert Hall on Wednesday. The programme was of a miscellaneous sort, and it was chiefly composed of operatic airs and drawing-room songs, sung by Mesdames Nilsson, Klauwell, and Trebelli, Mdlle. Carlotta Badia, MM. Maas, Parisotti, Santley, and Foli. Mr. Sims Reeves, owing to a severe toothache, was unable to appear; but, to compensate for his absence, Madame Nilsson and Mr. Maas sang the "Ring" from Balfe's *Il Tullisano*.

NORWICH TRIENNIAL FESTIVAL.—The London rehearsals for the twenty-first triennial Festival held in aid of the principal charities of Norfolk and Norwich began on Wednesday, and the Festival itself will be held next week. There is no need now to write about the history of this Festival, which has been told triennially for many years past. It will be recollected that the status of the Norwich Festival had, in 1878, sunk so low that a radical change had become necessary. It was, however, found almost impracticable entirely to reorganise the Festival at once. Mr. Alberto Randegger was appointed conductor in place of Sir Julius Benedict. But the new director did not have it all his own way. It is a difficult task to reform an orchestra, and still more difficult to weed a choir of earnest amateurs whose voices are past the highest class of choral work. Still, a good deal was done, so much that music-lovers will regret to perceive a tendency to retrogression in the present Festival. We have no desire to inquire whether the responsibility rests upon the conductor or the committee. The fact remains that the already slender

orchestra of seventy-seven in 1881 is this year reduced to sixty-nine; and that the first violins especially have dwindled down to the dangerously small force of twelve, two at least of whom are amateurs. Still more open to comment is the balance of this year's choir. There are to be seventy-two sopranos against only forty-five contraltos, with nine male altos, sixty-seven tenors, and sixty-one basses in all a force of 254 voices. An opinion on the effect of this novel disposition of choral forces must, of course, be reserved till next week. Perhaps the most interesting experiment of the present Festival is, however, that which has placed a perfectly untried concert vocalist like Mdlle. Emma Nevada as senior soprano in all the oratorio performances. This lady appeared a few years ago at Her Majesty's Theatre in opera. She has since had not the smallest experience in the traditions of our oratorios; but she has been fortunate in becoming the *protégée* of Mrs. Mackay, wife of the "Silver King," and she has attained success in French opera. If Mdlle. Nevada has suddenly developed some intuitive capacity to sing English oratorio, she will be cordially welcomed, while any disappointment will rest upon the authorities for attempting an experiment as daring as it is original. We have already given the outline of the Festival programmes, which appear well chosen to suit every taste. There are *Elijah* and *Messiah*, of course, besides *Redemption*, which now bids fair to become a second *Elijah*. There are three miscellaneous programmes, in the course of which novelties by Sir Julius Benedict, Dr. Horace Hill, M. Massenet, Mr. J. Barnby, and Dr. E. Bunnett, and works by Sullivan, Cowen, Wingham, and others will be presented. There are also Dr. Villiers Stanford's new "Ode," and Mr. A. C. Mackenzie's oratorio, *The Rose of Sharon*. The story of this last-mentioned work was told last week. The oratorio, the first of which has ever emanated from a Scottish pen, was rehearsed without chorus on Wednesday, and was very cordially received by a large gathering of musicians and critics, but criticism of the music must in fairness be reserved.

DR. STANFORD'S "ELEGIAC ODE."—The "Elegiac Ode" which Dr. Villiers Stanford has contributed to this year's Norwich Festival proves to be a setting of a portion of President Lincoln's "Burial Hymn," written by the eccentric American poet, Walt Whitman. One of his critics has said of the author of "Drum Taps" and "Leaves of Grass" that, "whatever the world may come to, it has not yet cultivated up to the tall talk and word-pilings of Walt Whitman." His style is certainly original, and probably will remain unique. We are not here concerned with the poetic details of this extravagant production. The lines are, it is true, broken up in erratic fashion, and the diction is more than once hardly clear. But that a glorified apostrophe to Death should form the subject for a Festival could, were the matter not obviously treated *l'ad hoc*, only be considered a ghastly joke. After an orchestral prelude, in which a *motif* typical of death conspicuously figures, the "Ode" opens with a chorus, in which "Delicate Death" is apostrophised. The baritone soloist takes up the verse in which the poet complains that "None have chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome." He continues, mostly in a sort of declamatory recitative, with a flowing accompaniment, bidding the "Strong deliverer" to approach, and when Death comes, "I joyously sing the dead, Lost in the loving, floating ocean of thee, Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O Death!" The composer seems to have entered into the spirit of the joke; for the next verse, in which the poet proposes "Glad serenades and dances" for Death, Dr. Stanford has assigned to the soprano and chorus, who sing, certainly in dance rhythm, a sort of polonaise. Then comes the conclusion of what the poet, with grim, though unconscious irony, terms a "Carol." The *finale* contains a short fugue, but this soon ceases, and after the "Death *motif*" is again enunciated, this extraordinary work ends placidly.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Patti will sail for New York on the 24th inst. On the previous evening she will give a concert with Madame Trebelli in Liverpool.—Mr. Joseph Bennett will sail on the 22nd by the *Scythian* for Boston, and will at once proceed to Canada, where he will spend a well-deserved holiday, extending over at least four months.—For the Carl Rosa performance of *Manon* M. Massenet has revised the score, and has written a new finale to the last act.—The report that Fanny Elssler is dying at Vienna is incorrect. Professor Standhartner, who was also Wagner's doctor, has merely ordered this lady of 74 no longer to attend evening concerts, receptions, or balls.—The new Russian opera, which Mr. Goring Thomas is writing for the Carl Rosa troupe, will be entitled *Nadine*.—The death is announced of Constanza Rovelli, for whom Cagnoni wrote the chief female part in *Don Bucefalo*.—Mdlle. Lablache, daughter of the well-known contralto, Madame Demerie Lablache, has been engaged by M. Manuel for the Paris Italiens.—M. Massenet is writing for the Paris Opéra Comique a new opera entitled *Le Cid*.—Herr Johann Strauss will on the 15th inst. celebrate the fortieth anniversary of his *début* as conductor at Hietzing.

It is officially announced that the Willing Choir is formally disbanded. Some of its members will join M. Geussant's choir.



OUR WHEAT SUPPLIES since harvest have been known to be large, but the figures now published prove far in excess of what had been generally imagined. Since the 1st of September English farmers have brought 1,074,796 quarters to market, which of the present good quality wheat is nearly sufficient to make a hundred million quarter loaves. But great as have been the efforts of home producers, the importers have been yet more busy. In the form of wheat, 1,844,655 quarters were received, and in flour an equivalent to 402,100 quarters. In all, the wheat supply of five weeks has been 3,321,451 quarters against food wants, which at the very maximum cannot have exceeded 2,500,000 quarters. Our reserve stocks of wheat, therefore, have been augmented by 821,451 quarters in the short space of five weeks, an occurrence which goes some way towards guaranteeing a continuance of the extremely low prices which now prevail.

LONDON FARMERS must not be surprised if they are looked upon as a somewhat peculiar class, but they are fairly entitled to resent the suspicions of "A Buckinghamshire Farmer," who even went so far—in the columns of the *Times* newspaper—as to suggest that, like the immortal Mrs. Harris, "there wasn't no such persons." Mr. Bernard Dyer, in reply, is successful in pointing out that there are "such persons." His account of how the farming classes in London are made up and attended is very instructive, but is too long for quotation here. The most curious fact revealed is, perhaps, the attendance of a number of students who wish to add agriculture to their general knowledge, "just as geology, chemistry, astronomy, and political economy." Now, "the Evangelical High Churchman of Liberal views" is a character that has always been met with, and probably always will be; but surely a yet greater comprehensiveness is needed before so special and specialised a subject as modern scientific farming is taken up as a part of general knowledge, like the somewhat curiously-mingled "ologies" above mentioned.

MR. WALTER addressed a gathering of Berkshire farmers last

week, and told them that it was "almost ungrateful to Providence to blame any one or any agency, human or divine, for the cheapness and abundance with which the country had been blessed." To give blame for blessing would, we should have thought, been "quite" ungrateful; we should not have cared greatly for the saying "almost." But Mr. Walter takes a strangely limited view of the matter if he supposes his adversaries, the "Fair Traders," to have any such notion. There are undoubtedly persons who say that wheat on the 9th day of October, 1884, is several shillings cheaper than it should be, but in saying this they have, of course, a view to the ultimate permanent, rather than to the immediate and momentary, interest of the country. Would the abandonment of wheat cultivation in England and Europe be desirable, or would it be disastrous? Not only English, but French, German, and Russian farmers are all selling their wheat under cost price. It does not need to be a political economist to see danger in this state of things; and to look merely upon the *present* cheapness of the quarter loaf is to show an indifference to the future which in itself cannot be regarded as free from blame.

THE LONDON DAIRY SHOW has been the principal agricultural attraction of the week, and the weather and attendance have alike been satisfactory. As to the entries of live stock, they are largely in excess of those of former years, the total being 339, of which 152 are cows, 126 heifers, and 61 bulls. Among the exhibitors are the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and many other names at the very head of English agricultural enterprise. The breeds represented are the Shorthorn, Jersey, Guernsey, Norfolk, Ayrshire, Kerry, Welsh, and mixed races, so that every British sort of dairy cow may be said to have a fair chance of being seen at its best. Some Dutch dairy cattle have been shown with advantage; French, Danish, and Swiss breeds perhaps will come in good time. The fine milking breed of the Red Polls was but very poorly represented. Foreign buyers lately have bought up many of the best Suffolks.

PETERBOROUGH FAIR has just been held. Over 1,500 horses were shown, 2,000 cattle, and 700 rams. The horse fair was overstocked with second class animals, but for the best horses for dray and agricultural work prices ran high, some London dealers buying largely at from 60*l.* to 90*l.* a-head. The second class animals sold only slowly at from 40*l.* to 55*l.*, while for nags and ponies out of the numerous Irish and Welsh droves, low prices were generally given. The Shorthorn cattle were good, but the Irish beasts were disappointing. The Lincoln and Hampshire rams were both numerous and excellent, but prices were not high.

MR. WOODS, the well-known farmer of Merton, fully corroborates the remarks of Lord Tolleremache on ensilage, in fact Mr. Woods has been more successful than his brother agriculturist; for while Lord Tolleremache got seventeen tons of maize off an acre Mr. Woods has obtained thirty tons. "Maize," says Mr. Woods, "will thrive in weather which is simply ruinous for turnips. Of course I don't mean to say that maize will ever supersede roots, especially upon light land, as we have many places in the Eastern counties where we need roots on which to fold our sheep to prepare the soil for next year's barley crop, but by the introduction of maize it will not longer be necessary for the British farmer absolutely to depend upon the success of the root crops for the fodder of his stock through the winter, and weather which would be ruinous to turnips would be the making of the maize crop." Maize at the Dairy Show was exhibited by Messrs. Oakshot, of Reading; and as we had just come from the South of France, where maize forms a common crop, we were much pleased and surprised to find the English-grown specimens of bamboo size and freedom of growth, magnificent vegetation, and far superior to what experience led us to expect. If similar success may be commonly attained in other years, maize will certainly become an English crop in the future.

THE TOTAL ECLIPSE OF THE MOON, which occurred on Saturday last, was very generally visible in Great Britain. The total duration, including contact with the penumbra, was from about seven to midnight, but for ordinary observers the eclipse began at a quarter past eight, and was thence well visible till twenty minutes to ten, when it was nearly total. In London the sky was clear throughout, and when the moon got the "earthly" smudge off her pretty face, soon after midnight, she shone with extraordinary splendour. The previous evening was extremely beautiful, there being a rich after-glow of purplish pink from six to past seven o'clock. The earth's shadow was conspicuously of a dark indigo blue, to an extent seldom observed. Ordinarily the shadow is of a brownish red.



THE TURF.—Accompanied by a fair type of autumn weather the Second October Meeting at Newmarket has been a pleasant and interesting one, and the attendance, especially on the Cesarewitch day, has been as large as ever. Monday was, so to speak, an old day, the old-fashioned Clearwell Stakes for two-year-olds being the most important event. There was a fair field of nine, and the race fell to the fully penalised Langwell, who started at even money, and scored another important victory for the Duke of Portland, whom Fortune continues to favour on the Turf. On the following day Cambusdore made short work with Lord Strathnairn for the Royal Stakes, thus scoring three victories in succession for the Duke of Westminster. But other races were little thought of when compared with that for the Cesarewitch, for which at the last moment Stockholm became first favourite at 4½ to 1, with Highland Chief and Studley next in demand at 8 to 1, while at a point more St. Gatien and Archiduc were fairly supported, Quicklime having dropped back to 11 to 1. There were just a score of starters, and the race was run at a good pace, Polemic and Quicklime showing well at the bushes, when Stockholm failed to keep her forward place. Here Archiduc made a bold bid, but St. Gatien coming up soon settled the question, and won as easily as did Robert the Devil in 1880. His victory is a notable one in Turf history, as Robert the Devil's performance as a three-year-old under 8 st. 6 lbs. was unprecedented, but St. Gatien carried 4 lbs. more. When the weights first appeared there was a general outcry against the heavy weight put upon him, and, *per contra*, the light one on Quicklime, but the handicappers have come out triumphantly. It can hardly be said that St. Gatien, the co-divider, as will be remembered, with Harvester for the Derby, was a fancy of the general public, but the shrewd speculator argued in themselves that as Robert the Devil won with many pounds in hand there was good reason to believe that St. Gatien could carry his exceptionally heavy weight to victory. Archiduc running third under 8 st. 5 lbs. was a good performance; and Polemic's second was perhaps the surprise of the race. Highland Chief never showed prominently, though backed perhaps for more money than anything, and the Lambkin's utter failure under 8 st. 4 lbs. considerably discounts his Leger victory. In St. Gatien we probably have the best three-year-old this generation has seen, not even excepting St. Simon. The most interesting race for modern Turf sinners now to witness would be one between the two

Saints. When to these we add Archiduc and the Duke of Richmond, to say nothing of Harvester, we have a batch of three-year-olds to which few, if any seasons, can show an equal. The Middle Park Plate on Wednesday, the Two-Year-Old Derby, was also a very interesting race, and out of the baker's dozen which started the issue remained with the good public performer Melton, and the dark Xantrailes and the Casuistry filly, bought for a large sum but a few days ago by the Duke of Westminster. As is so often the case, the public performer beat the dark ones, and, starting at 10 to 1, with Archer up, credited the stake to Lord Hastings. Only once before has the winner carried the extreme penalty in this race. Archer has been in wonderful form lately, and it is perhaps no exaggeration to say that his jockeyship is 7 lbs. in any horse's favour. The result of the long-distance handicap has been to make Archiduc an equal favourite for the Cambridgeshire with the lightly-weighted Sandiway, the second in the Leger, both figuring at about 8 or 9 to 1.

FOOTBALL.—The chasers of the flying ball are now hard at it, the followers of the Rugby and of the Association persuasion being equally anticipative of a spirited season. It is a matter for regret that the "professional" question is not more definitely settled, as it gives rise to disputes and heartburnings and even worse, namely, all kind of subterfuges on the part of clubs. The employment of professionals and semi-professionals is an evidence of the intense rivalry between clubs and general interest in the game, but it more than threatens danger to the pastime.

GOLF.—The annual competition for the professional Championship of Scotland, which excites interest among golfers all over the world, has resulted in the victory of John Simpson of Earsferry, who won the Cup in 180 strokes over the Prestwick Links. The wind made scoring very difficult, and the winner's performance was a fine one. The next best to him were W. Fernie and D. Roddick.

AQUATICS.—The French Sculling Championship has been won by Abel d'Hautfeuille of Boulogne, who at Neuilly on the Seine has beaten A. Leime, the winner on eight occasions, and two others.—Hanlan, we hear, is going to prolong his stay in Australia, and have another tussle with Beach. He has sent to Boston in America to have two new boats built and forwarded to Australia.

SWIMMING.—Like terrestrial athletes the aqueous ones are constantly "beating the record." The last who has performed the feat is Mr. Horace Davenport, who, at the Hex Club gathering the other evening at the Lambeth Baths, "plunged" 64 feet 8 inches, the longest plunge on record in this country.



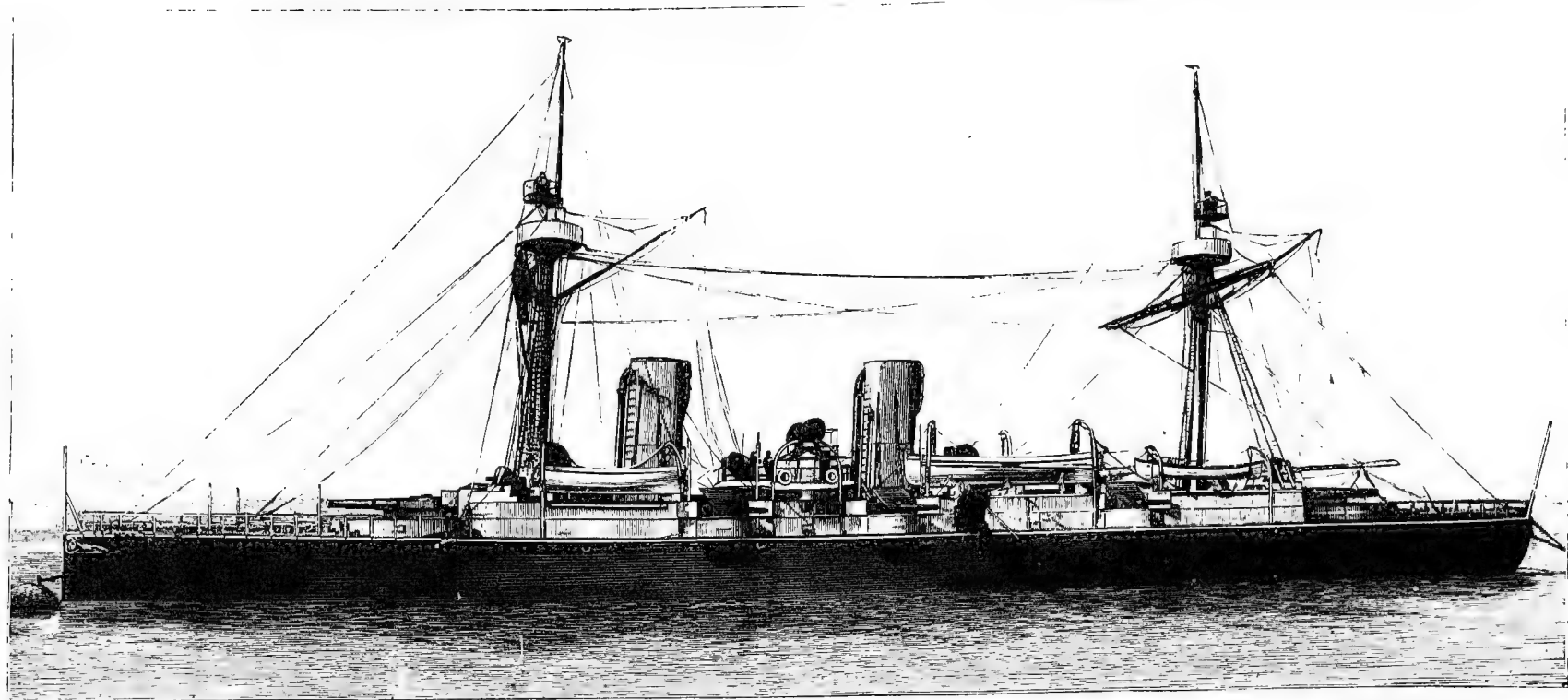
THE CHARITY COMMISSIONERS have incurred considerably unpopular in many localities by drawing up schemes for diverting to other classes of the community funds left for the benefit of the poor. They will not have improved their reputation if it should turn out to be true, as alleged, that they have just been betraying ignorance of an Act affecting some of their duties and functions, and passed only last Session. In our last issue reference was made to newspaper correspondence in regard to the hearing of Mr. Holland's Act of this year for the prevention of building in disused burial grounds on the order made by the Commissioners for the sale of the Nonconformist burial ground in Mill Yard, Whitechapel. It would now appear that this burial ground having been closed by an Order in Council, it comes under the provisions of Mr. Holland's Act, and that the order of the Charity Commissioners permitting its sale was distinctly illegal.

THE SOLICITORS FOR THE PLAINTIFF in the breach of promise case, Finney v. Garmoyle, give an authoritative contradiction to the report of a compromise. The action will be tried by a special jury during the Michaelmas sittings of the Queen's Bench Division, which commence on the 25th inst. The damages are laid at 30,000*l.*

TWO MEN WERE EXECUTED at Newgate on Monday, Orrock for the murder of Police-constable Cole at Dalston, and Harris for that of his wife at Kilburn. In both cases death was instantaneous, and met with fortitude.

A TIMELY PAMPHLET on "Cholera Treatment and Cure" (Baillière, Tindall, and Cox) has been issued by Mr. Kenneth Henry Cornish, surgeon to the Royal Humane Society. Mr. Cornish, like the French Medical Commission and most English authorities, holds that cholera is not contagious, and that the Continental quarantine regulations are absolutely useless. His own theory is that the epidemics are due to meteorological causes, and he argues with the late Dr. Samuel Dickson that "Cholera is an extreme of the cold stage of ague," death in the great majority of cases taking place from a palsy of the pneumo-gastric nerves—those nerves which influence the functions of the lungs and the stomach. With regard to the treatment, Mr. Cornish warmly advocates "heroic" doses of tincture of opium in hot water, followed by a large dose of calomel. In this manner he cured himself from a seizure of Asiatic cholera, several members of his family, and a number of other cases, and he claims never to have had a single failure. The pamphlet, which is a reprint of a letter of the author's to Lord Carlisle, also treats of the dangers of premature interment, and suggests an inexpensive and ready method of cremation—that the body should be placed into a retort of a gas factory, which stands at a bright, ruddy, even white heat, after the charge of coke has been withdrawn. In this manner in an hour or so nothing but the calcined and white bones would remain, to be carefully collected. Smell or infection would be impossible, and the constituents of the body might be restored to the elements in a gaseous form, being passed through a special purifier.

"UNTRIED PRISONERS."—"J. C." thus describes the treatment of a business man, of good standing, at present awaiting trial in one of Her Majesty's prisons in Yorkshire:—"He is an untried, and therefore presumably an *innocent*, man, yet he is not allowed to transact any business, and as he is his own principal and manager (the pivot on which everything turns), the result is that his business is ruined. It so happens that he was arrested at a most critical moment, and has incurred losses which have swept away the fruits of many years of arduous toil; these losses might have been avoided had he been allowed, even though incarcerated, to transact business. Then as to personal treatment. In this House of Detention an untried prisoner, presumably innocent or presumably guilty, suffers personal degradation, the indignity of which can never be effaced. He is deprived of everything except wearing apparel. Should a visitor be allowed to see him, it must only be through a double iron grating. Imagine the feelings of a wife, a delicate and sensitive woman, visiting her husband under such circumstances. For a man convicted of crime I say nothing; it is for the accused man that an utterly different form of treatment ought to be established. The present mode of treatment is a disgrace to England and a parody upon justice."



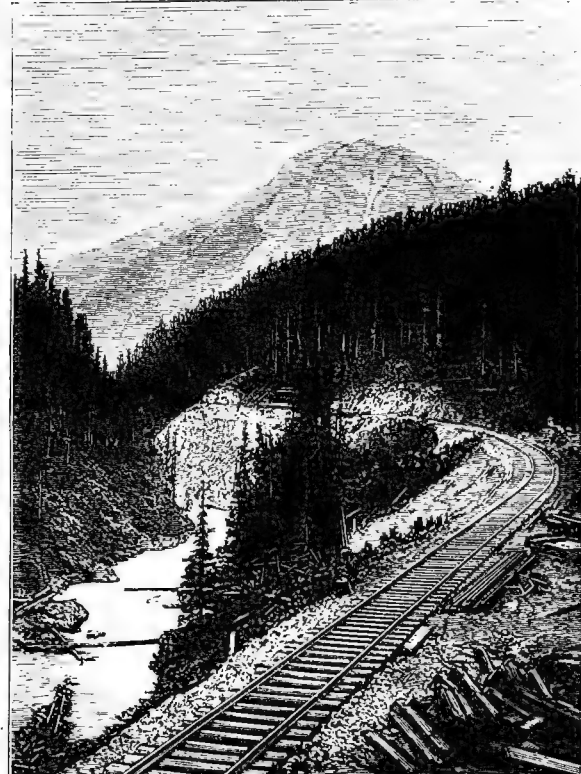
THE NEW GUN-BOAT "ESMERALDA," BUILT BY SIR W. ARMSTRONG FOR THE CHILIAN GOVERNMENT
THE SWIFTEST AND BEST-ARMED CRUISER AFLOAT



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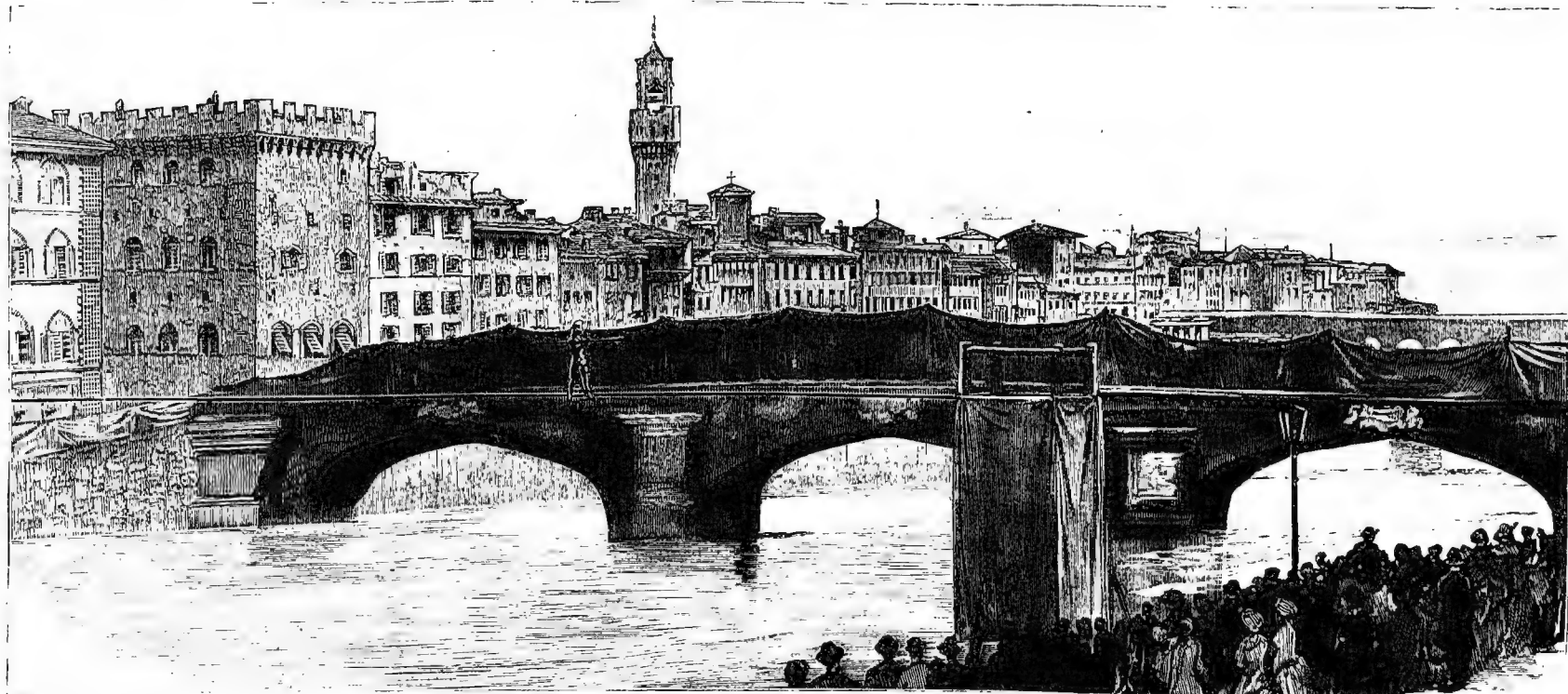


KANANASKY FALLS

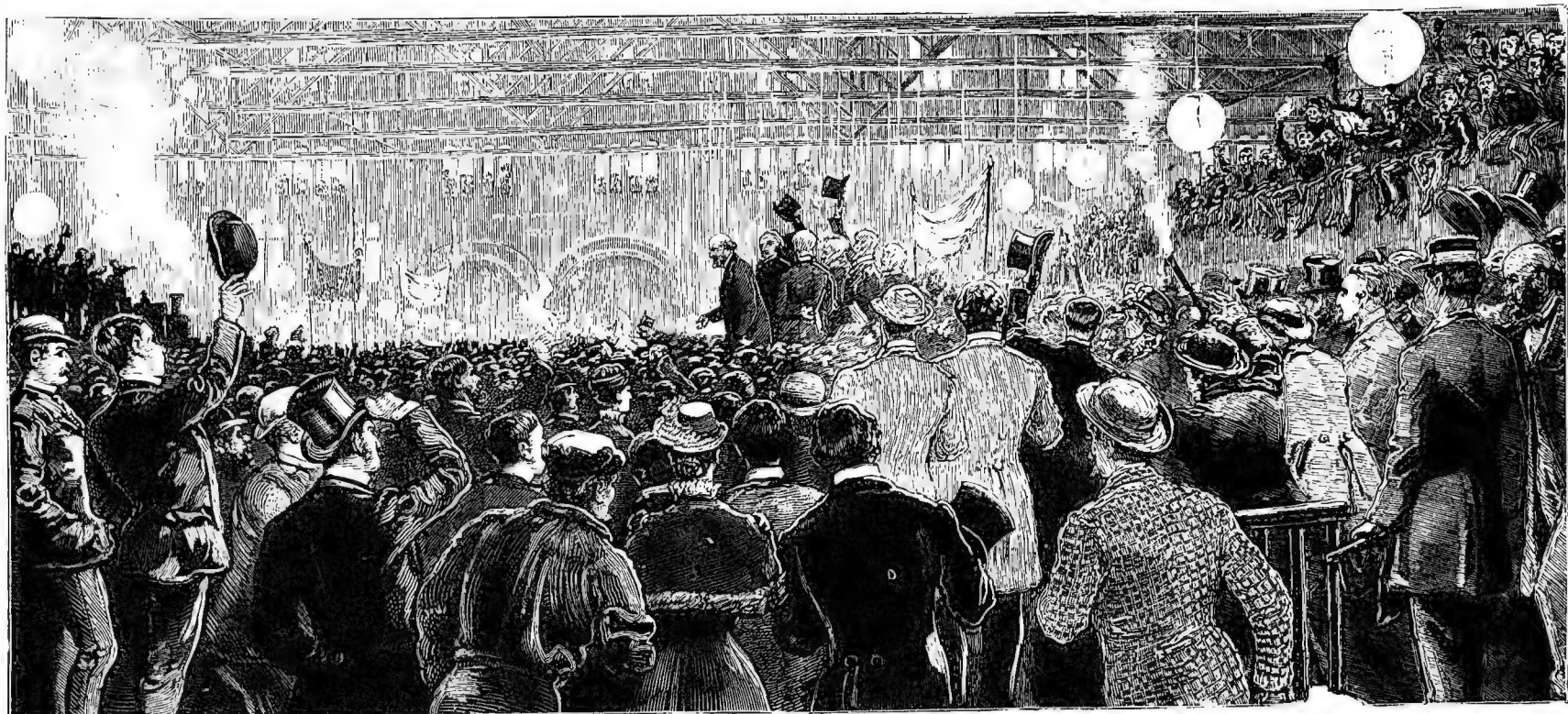


KICKING HORSE VALLEY AND PASS

WITH THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION IN CANADA—SCENES ON THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST



BLONDIN CROSSING THE ARNO ON A TIGHT-ROPE AT FLORENCE FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE SUFFERERS FROM THE CHOLERA



RECEPTION AT THE CENTRAL STATION

LORD SALISBURY AT GLASGOW

THE Marquis of Salisbury arrived in Glasgow on the 30th ult., in fulfilment of his engagement to address later in the week two meetings of the Conservatives of the city and the West of Scotland.

Arrangements had been made by the Glasgow Conservatives and the Orangemen to give his lordship a hearty reception at the Central Station. With this end in view 7,000 tickets had been issued for admission to a platform erected inside the station, no other persons being allowed to enter.

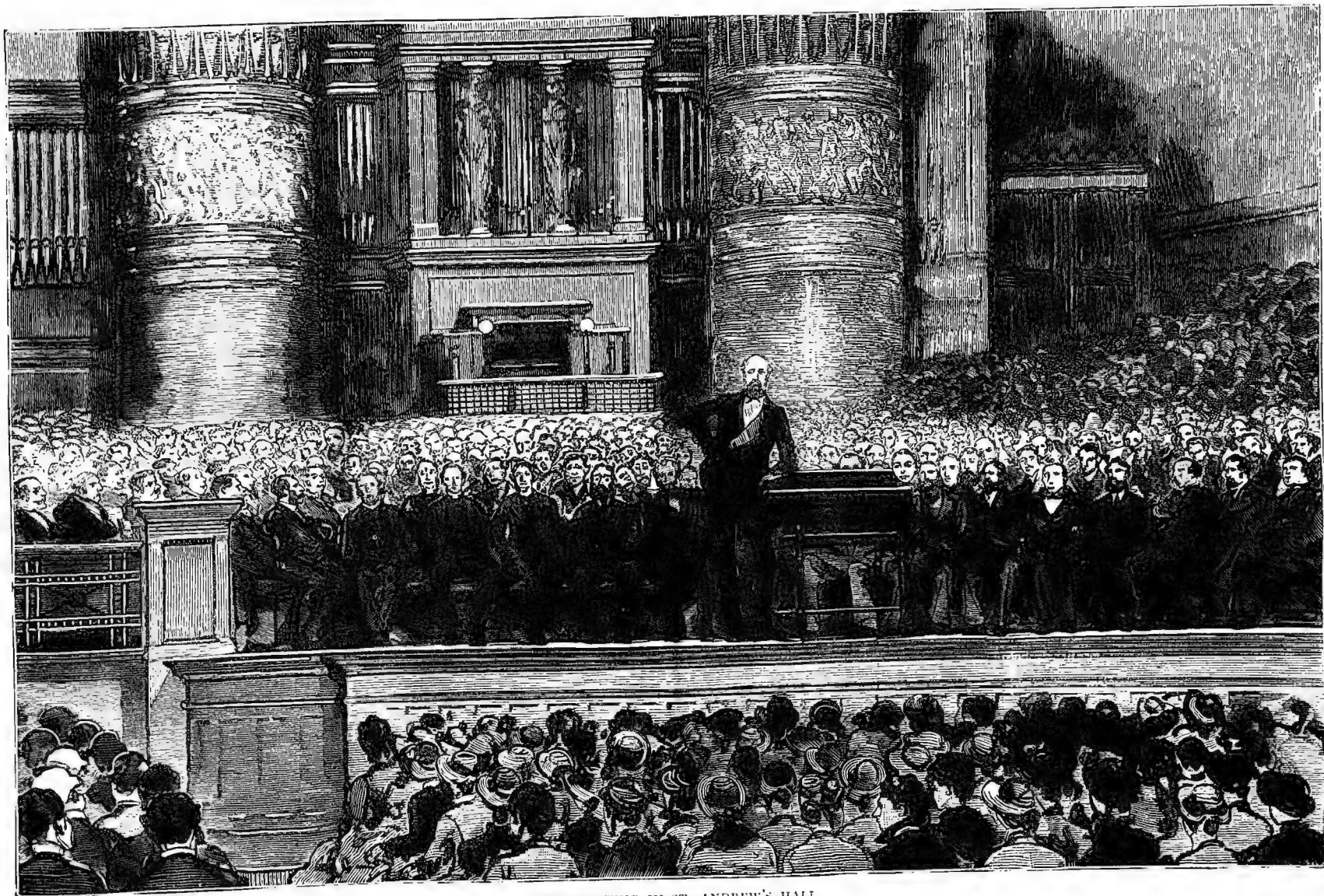
But as the hour drew near for the arrival of the Conservative leader the immense mob which had assembled outside the station grew tired of waiting in the pouring rain, forced the gates, and took the platform by storm. Vainly did the railway officials turn their water hose on the crowd, who took this additional drenching quite good-humouredly. The result was that good many who had tickets were shut out, while a good many got in who had no right there.

Fortunately, no serious accident occurred, although the platform had to endure a far heavier weight than it was meant to bear. Lord Salisbury arrived at 8.10 p.m., and was enthusiastically received. Addresses were read from the Conservative Association and the Grand Orange Lodge of Glasgow respectively. Lord Salisbury then made a brief speech, and soon after quitted Glasgow for Blythswood, the residence of Sir Archibald Campbell. At Paisley, and also at Renfrew, he received addresses from the leading Conservatives.

Next day Lord Salisbury returned to Glasgow by special train, and attended the reception which was held in the Merchants' Hall, and at which representatives of Conservative Associations belonging to the West of Scotland were present by invitation. Fifty addresses were presented to his lordship, who then delivered an elaborate and important speech.

The Marquis of Salisbury concluded his engagements in

Glasgow on Friday, October 3rd, when he addressed a great meeting in St. Andrew's Hall. In the forenoon his lordship had visited the University, where he stayed an hour, being received by the Principal and professors. After lunching at Blythswood, he returned to Glasgow to dine at the Conservative Club, and thence proceeded to St. Andrew's Hall. The hall was crowded, every seat being occupied an hour before the proceedings began. The assemblage whiled away the time by singing patriotic and popular songs, in several of which they were accompanied on the organ. Lord Salisbury was most enthusiastically received on his arrival, and delivered a powerful and telling philippic against the Government. His final words in returning thanks were: "I have been received with extreme kindness by all classes in this city. I am deeply impressed with the reality and earnestness of the Conservative feeling which exists here, and I go away in the firm hope that the time will come when the Conservative feeling will be predominant."



THE MEETING IN ST. ANDREW'S HALL

LORD SALISBURY AT GLASGOW

NAPLES IN 1839

WHEN I first knew Naples, some forty-five years ago, the city which, according to its inhabitants, is so incomparably beautiful that when any one has enjoyed a glimpse of it he may shuffle off this mortal coil as soon as he likes, for he will never have the chance of beholding its equal, boasted a King and a Court; whereas, in the year of grace 1884, it possesses only a moderate share of the first, and nothing whatever of the second. In other respects, barring of course the inevitable changes wrought by the introduction of steam and electricity, the modern Parthenope has undergone little alteration. Nothing can surpass the loveliness of its site, and viewed from the sea it appears in truth an earthly paradise; but once set foot in its dirty, ill-paved streets, and inhale the unsavoury odours which even in its broadest thoroughfares infect the air, the worst drained watering-place on our own coasts will seem to you an Elysium in comparison, and the traditionally fever-haunted Riviera an incontestable sanatorium.

But it is of the past, not the present, that I am treating to-day, when the journey from Rome to Naples was a long and tedious affair, whether accomplished by post or "vetturino;" when we dragged slowly along the dreary waste of the Pontine Marshes, ate vipers for eels at Terracina, and ran the gauntlet of the countless swarm of beggars perpetually infesting that undesirable locality, Fondi. It was then considered the correct thing to take up our quarters on arriving at the Crocette, and leisurely look out for a lodging suitable to our taste and pocket, and as near the Chiaja and Villa Reale as possible; commanding a view of the bay, and well provided with the indispensable gauze curtains by way of protection against mosquitoes. Every other part of the city was scrupulously avoided by strangers, the range of buildings extending westward from the Chiatamone offering more than sufficient accommodation for their wants; they might choose between palaces with marble floors and frescoed ceilings and comparatively modest retreats better adapted to slenderly furnished purses, although in no case could a winter sojourn in Naples be regarded as an economical investment, house rent being excessively dear, and the cost of firing enormous.

The season of 1839-40 was an unusually brilliant one; balls and other entertainments were of almost nightly occurrence, the Court setting the example, and society, Neapolitan and foreign, following suit. Of the private houses none was more frequented than that of Lady Strachan, who from her long residence in the city had secured for herself a position which few, if any, of the native grandees could boast; her magnificent palace on the Chiaja was the resort of the best people of every nationality, and, assisted by her charming daughter, the Princess San Antimo, she did the honours of her salons with a most gracious and winning courtesy. The belle of the year was unquestionably the then splendidly handsome Mrs. Mountjoy Martin, one of the most beautiful women of her day; on her appearance in a room she immediately became the "cynosure of neighbouring eyes," and walked through a line of admirers with the queenly air of a Juno. Another very pleasant house was that of a hospitable Neapolitan, Signor Persico, where receptions were held regularly once a week; if one might judge from the invariably contented air of the guests, and from the zest with which they attacked the dainties lavishly bestowed on them by their Amphitryon, one would have hardly imagined any of them disposed to echo the words of Horace:

Persicos odi, puer, apparatus.

Among the English then passing the winter at Naples was a wealthy Yorkshireman, with a nice looking wife, sundry olive branches, and a numerous train of attendants, who occupied the larger portion of a "palazzo," the owner of which, wise in his generation, contented himself with a snug corner in his ancestral mansion, leaving the state apartments to any tenant who was rich enough to pay for them. Our compatriot, a man of considerable abilities, but undeniably eccentric, persisted in continuing precisely the same mode of life he was accustomed to at home; neither taking into account the difference of climate nor his own naturally excitable temperament, but indulging in his favourite bottled stout and similar Britannic potables in defiance of the admonitions and rebukes of his medical adviser. "When you have proved to me," he said to him, "that the wishy-washy stuff called Falernian nowadays is the identical nectar praised by Horace, I may possibly follow your recommendation, and give it a second trial; until then, Guinness will do for me." As it happened, it very nearly did for him in another sense of the word; for one evening he was attacked with a raging fever, and narrowly escaped an apoplectic seizure.

Mérimée, the celebrated author of "La Chronique de Charles Neuf," better known to our musical public by his *Carmen* and *Colomba*, was the life and soul of the cosmopolitan society of 1839; he spoke English remarkably well, and with a very slight accent, and made himself so generally agreeable that no party either to Pompeii, Sorrento, or Capri was considered complete without him. Donizetti was also an especial favourite with the few whose company he was in the habit of frequenting: during the winter he superintended the production of one or two of his operas at the San Carlo, but tried in vain to obtain a reversal of the veto pronounced by the theatrical censor against his *Polinto* (a subject afterwards treated by Gounod), the prohibition of which on religious grounds had so seriously affected the tenor Nourrit, already partially afflicted with mental derangement, that in a fit of temporary insanity he committed suicide by throwing himself from a window of the manager's house where he lodged a few months before my arrival. Talking of musical matters, I may mention that Francesco Florino, in after years the director of the Neapolitan Conservatoire, was at that time a comparatively little-known singing master, who counted among his pupils several of our countrywomen, and most assuredly never dreamed of aspiring to the dignified post subsequently attained by him. Besides the San Carlo, where gala performances were occasionally given, the Teatro el Fondo and the San Carlino were in full swing; at both, however, the actors were of very indifferent merit, and far inferior to those I had previously seen at Florence, or even in Rome.

On the Chiaja, or Chiatamone (I forget which), was that estimable blessing to the sojourner in a foreign city, the reading-room, presided over by a certain Mrs. Durant, where the few English and French journals permitted by the Government were taken in. The locality, a small and low-pitched *cattolosa*, offered no luxurious accommodation to the visitors; but it was nevertheless a thriving concern, and in one respect resembled "Stubbs's Corner," old Boulogne notoriety, for I verily believe that no more prolific bed of scandal ever existed. Literature was then at a low ebb in Naples, the only publishers of note, Messrs. Borel and Bompard, were both Frenchmen, but were allowed neither to print nor sell any work that had not previously passed under the eyes of the censor. I remember, indeed, hearing a compatriot complain that, being anxious to procure from England two or three non-political reviews or magazines to which he had subscribed, he had for several months solicited in vain the necessary permission, and had only succeeded in obtaining them after a long delay through the intercession of the French Consul, who had kindly authorised their being addressed to himself.

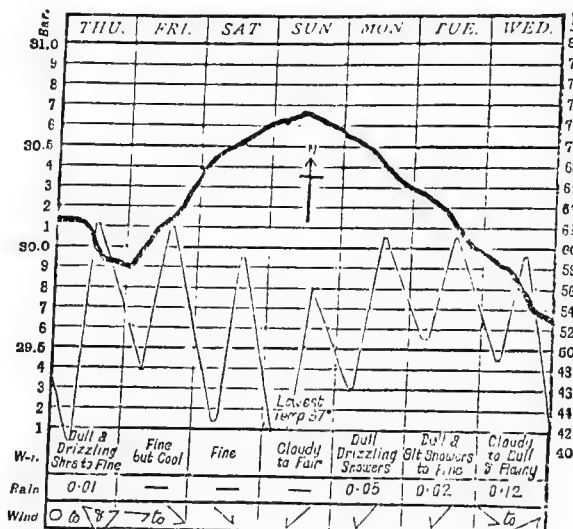
On Boxing-day, 1839, in as genial a temperature as might be expected in early May, a cricket match was organised on the Campo Marzio above the town, the sides being "Eton against the World;" an ex-member of the dear old school it was incumbent on me, whether with two or three other incapables, for want of better players, to take part in the struggle. Our team, nevertheless, overpowered by the presence of a couple of the previous year's eleven,

Yonge and Wilkinson, proved incomparably the strongest, and the stumps of the "World" went down like chaff before the wind; so that at the conclusion we had beaten our adversaries in one innings, with nearly a hundred runs to spare.

Then, as now, it was impossible for a man to stroll about the precincts of Santa Lucia without being relieved of his handkerchief, or other "portable property" contained in his pocket, the Neapolitan thieves having a speciality of adroitness which throws our own light-fingered gentry completely into the shade. Captain Medwin tells somewhere a story of an Englishman of indolent habits who, having paid the usual penalty to one of these worthies, quietly turned round, and, confronting the individual in question, presented him, to the latter's astonishment, with a small piece of money, complimenting him at the same time on his skill. "Good heaven!" exclaimed the friend who was walking with him, "you actually pay the scoundrel, instead of thrashing him!" "It is too hot to do that," coolly replied the other; "wait a little, and you will see that somebody else will do it for me." Sure enough, the thief, encouraged by the success of his attempt, tried the same game that very afternoon on a choleric son of Albion, who half-killed him for his pains. "I told you so," placidly observed the first victim, on hearing of the adventure; "depend upon it, in a climate like this, the less one personally exerts oneself the better!" C. H.

WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM OCTOBER 2 TO OCTOBER 8 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The past week opened with rough weather at our north-western stations, and rain in most places, but subsequently very fair weather was experienced pretty generally. On Thursday (2nd inst.) a large and deep depression skirted our extreme north-western coasts in a north-easterly direction, producing strong southerly winds at most of our western and north-western stations, and a fresh gale at Stornoway, accompanied by somewhat heavy rain. Over the south-eastern portion of the country, however, the winds were but light in force. During Friday (3rd inst.) the depression moved away eastwards, and in its rear the barometer rose quickly, the wind veered to the westward and moderated slowly, temperature fell, and the sky gradually cleared. Between Saturday (4th inst.) and Tuesday (7th inst.) an area of high pressure travelled slowly in a north-easterly direction from our south-western districts to Scotland, and during its continuance very fair weather prevailed generally. To-day's (Wednesday, 8th inst.) chart shows that the anti-cyclone has quite broken up, and that the fall of the barometer, which set in on Sunday (5th inst.), has been largely accelerated, particularly in the north-west, where a depression is now from the north-westward at our most western stations, while over the south-eastern parts of England they are light and variable. Rain is falling at several of our western and north-western stations, with dull misty weather at most other places. Temperature has been slightly below the average. The barometer was highest (30.65 inches) on Sunday (5th inst.); lowest (29.63 inches) on Wednesday (8th inst.); range, 1.02 inches. Temperature was highest (62°) on Thursday (2nd inst.) and Friday (3rd inst.); lowest (47°) on Sunday (5th inst.); range, 15°. Rain fell on four days. Total amount, 0.20 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.12 inches, on Wednesday (8th inst.).



MR. KENDAL'S public assurance that certain allusions in Mrs. Kendal's recent paper on the drama were not intended to refer to any particular lady will be readily accepted both by the admirers of these excellent servants of the public and by the friends of the popular actress against whom the reproach of making an attack of illness a means of courting notoriety were somewhat hastily assumed to be directed. Censure and satire of a general and abstract kind is unfortunately peculiarly exposed to the danger of being thus mistaken for personal allusion. It is to be hoped that Mr. Kendal's prompt repudiation will not be taken to have established a precedent so firmly that silence in such case must henceforth be taken to imply a confession. Public speakers suffering from imputations of this sort cannot be expected to see, and to promptly repudiate, every unfounded charge to which their speeches or lectures may give rise.

The new operatic burlesque, *Polly*, produced at the NOVELTY on Saturday, is partly a parody of *La Fille du Regiment*, partly a military version of *H.M.S. Pinafore*. The *Polly* of Mr. Mortimer's libretto is a counterpart of the Maria of Donizetti's opera; and the finale to the first act is almost identical with the parting of the *vivandière* with the regiment which has adopted her. The work demands no detailed criticism, and it need merely be added that Mr. Mortimer's libretto is entirely free from impropriety, and that Mr. Solomon's music is simple and not unskilful commonplace. Miss Lilian Russell is a pretty heroine; dresses, and other stage paraphernalia are, as is customary with this class of work, admirable.

Mr. Albery's clever version of *Tête de Linotte*, with its happily translated title of *Featherbrain*, has been revived simultaneously with the re-opening of the CRITERION. It is just the piece for the patrons of this lively house. The Criterion Company—Mr. Marius, Mr. Blakely, Mr. Giddens, Miss Marie Jansen, Miss Rose Salter, and others betake themselves again to their respective parts; but the place of Mr. Mackintosh, who has gone to the VAUDEVILLE, is taken by that forcibly quaint comic actor, Mr. Maltby, whose Mr. Coney is a highly diverting impersonation.

Mr. Wilson Barrett's first appearance in London in the character of Hamlet is looked forward to by playgoers with increasing interest. Thursday next is definitively fixed for the revival, which will

be distinguished by a great display of scenic art and archaeological learning.

THE HOLBORN Theatre has been taken by Mr. G. F. Rowe, the well-known American actor and dramatist—not, however, for dramatic performances, but for the exhibition of a panorama. The word "Jerusalem," mysteriously displayed for some weeks on the walls and hoardings of the metropolis, is, we believe, not wholly unconnected with Mr. Rowe's enterprise.

It is semi-officially stated that the new arrangements regarding the management of the GAIETY leave matters pretty much where they were before. Mr. Hollingshead, who has just taken upon himself the management of the EMPIRE Theatre, and whose hands we well know to be otherwise rather full just now, has, we learn, in consideration of a sum of 10,000*l.*, parted with one-half his interest in the house of which he has been sole lessee and manager since its first opening, just sixteen years ago. He still retains, however, as heretofore, the direction and control of all business matters connected with the theatre. Mr. Shine, the only other active partner assuming the control and management of the stage.

A complete change in the SAVOY programme takes place this evening. *Princess Ida* is withdrawn, and in its place will be substituted revivals of *The Sorcerer* and *Trial by Jury*. The company undergoes no change, save in the appearance of Miss Dysart, in the character of the Plaintiff, in the latter most amusing and original burlesque satire. Miss Dysart, though new to the London stage, has been playing with conspicuous success as a member of one of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's provincial travelling companies.

The American papers announce the death of Miss Rachel Sanger, an actress who, though she had been absent for some years from this country, will be well remembered by many playgoers for her sprightly and pleasing performance in extravaganzas at the Gaiety and the Strand theatres. She had also played with some success serious parts, such as the heroine of the late Mr. Halliday's version of "David Copperfield." Her first appearance on the London stage dates as far back in 1852, when she played as a mere infant in a version of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* at the Olympic. Miss Sanger, or rather Mrs. James Scanlan (for she had married in America a well-known actor of that name), was in her thirty-sixth year.

How little disposed nowadays actors and managers are to take offence at a travesty of their efforts is shown by the circumstance that a *matinée* of *Called Back* was given at the PRINCE'S Theatre on Saturday last for the avowed purpose of giving Miss E. Farren, Mr. Royce, and the other members of Mr. Hollingshead's Gaiety company an opportunity of studying the performance. This, we need hardly say, was with a view to the new burlesque by Mr. Herman Merivale, which, under the title of *Called There and Back*, is to be produced at the GAIETY on Monday evening next.

French plays are to be given this season at the little ROYALTY Theatre in Soho, under the direction of M. Mayer. They commence with Pailleron's *Le Monde où l'on s'ennuie* on Saturday next. Mlle. Jane May appears, for the present at least, to be the bright particular star of M. Mayer's troupe.

Mr. Pinero, the well-known actor and dramatist, has been chosen President of the Edinburgh "Byron Dramatic Club," in the place of the late Mr. Byron, who occupied that position for many years.



II.

AN unsigned opening article in the *Fortnightly* answers in the affirmative the question, "Is England a Great European Power?" The writer properly acknowledges our state of unpreparedness for war; but, as he justly remarks, we never were prepared during the whole course of our national life. If the Continental armies have increased tenfold in a century, our army has centupled. Our great need is not men, but "organisation, proper distribution, and preparation." The tone of the paper is on the whole optimistic. —Another interesting feature in what is a strong number is Mr. Escott's essay on "Bernal Osborne." There is no anecdote in it, but much eulogy little tempered by criticism. Mr. Escott concludes thus: "Bernal Osborne was ever true and steadfast in friendship; and one of the ways in which he proved his loyalty may be mentioned here. When the shafts of his ridicule and his banter came flying around, there were always a few—some were women and some were men—who seemed each of them to have a charmed life. The truth is that to him they were sacred. Distinguished from mere acquaintances they were really his friends. He never struck at a friend." The usual opinion of Osborne, *pace* Mr. Escott, is that he would strike at anybody, friend or foe, if he could thereby raise a laugh.

Mr. Freeman on the "Reform of the House of Lords" in the *Contemporary* will repay attentive perusal. As to hereditary succession in peerages he maintains "it was first established as a custom and then maintained as a right, that if the King summoned a man to one Parliament he was bound to summon both him and his heirs to all future Parliaments." He asks, too, if it would not be "possible to devise a reform of the House of Lords in which the hereditary element should no longer be dominant, but from which it should not be wholly shut out." He would leave untouched "all the titles, forms, and traditions, the honorary distinctions of the peerage, the power in the Crown of creating new hereditary peers. . . . All that would be needed would be to provide by law that no peer or other person should be entitled to a summons as a lord of Parliament unless he be qualified in some of the ways which the new law shall prescribe." In the British Privy Council Mr. Freeman is of opinion that we have the possibility of an ideal Senate. His style is of course lucid, and in view of coming controversies his suggestions may have great force. —There is also a striking paper by H. A. Taine on "Socialism as Government." The *Contemporary* is well up to the mark this month.

Dr. Jessopp in the February number of the *Nineteenth Century* wrote an article on "Daily Life in a Mediaeval Monastery," which attracted the notice of a British House of Benedictines. The result is a paper in this month's number of the review entitled "Daily Life in a Modern Monastery," by the Rev. Father Cody, O.S.B. Dr. Jessopp asserted that the Pall Mall clubs are the successors of the thirteenth century monasteries. This statement Father Cody controverts with playful vigour. "Monasteries," he says, "uphold to men the spectacle of an ideal Christian life carried into practice. They are centres of benevolence, of refinement, even of civilisation—for is not all civilisation based upon self-restraint?" Father Cody deserves our gratitude for giving us a peep into the inside life of establishments of which the world in general knows little. —Miss C. G. O'Brien gives a very dreary picture of "The Emigrant in New York," and Mr. Swinburne is interesting about the late "Charles Reade."

The articles in the *Church Quarterly Review* are perhaps too heavy for the ordinary reader. The most widely-attractive article will probably be "Freeman's 'English Towns and Districts,'" in which the Regius Professor of Modern History is taken good-naturedly to task for the inconsistencies into which his hearty Teutonism occasionally leads him. There can be no doubt, however, that this review deserves a place on every clergyman's library table.

About the best and freshest paper in *Blackwood* is "The Soudan and Abyssinia in 1884." It describes a visit to Beremberas, an Abyssinian robber chief, who infested with his band the caravan route from Kassala to Massowah. The writer is an officer who was attached to Admiral Hewett's Embassy to King Johannes of Abyssinia. He saw a great deal worth seeing, both of nature and of men, in the border country of the Soudan and Abyssinia, and is certainly a capital raconteur. Beremberas, although a brigand, seems to be a very fine fellow, driven to robbery by the Egyptian rascality combined with the personal enmity of Ras Alula.—"The Last Words of Joseph Barrable" is a racy story in the best style of *Blackwood*.

In *Macmillan* Mr. J. C. Morison writes "Mark Pattison: In Memoriam." A most marked feature in Pattison's character was his distrust of himself and of the opinion entertained of him by others. "Take your worst opinion of yourself," he would say, "when you are in most depressed mood. Extract the cube root of that, and you will be getting near the common opinion of your merits." Mr. Cotter Morison's article is the work of a friend and of a discriminating critic.—"Mitchellhurst Place" has dragged out its weary length to a wearier conclusion.

In the *Gentleman's* there are two excellent historical papers, "A French Curé in the Sixteenth Century," by E. B. Hamilton, and "Ulrich Von Liechtenstein," by Louis Barbé. Mr. Hamilton's picture of French life at Provence during the wars of religion is a vivid representation of the ruthless barbarism of the times, and Mr. Barbé does full justice to the exquisite fooling of the renowned Minnesinger.—Mr. Langley's second paper on "The New Astro-

nomy" in the *Century* is wonderfully interesting, especially where he describes the moments of totality in three eclipses of the sun which he witnessed. His descriptions are as graphic as his knowledge of his subject is thorough.—The short stories are good, and Brander Matthews supplies an appreciative biography of Austin Dobson, whose portrait is the frontispiece to this month's *Century*.

Mr. Francis Parkman relates an incident in the Franco-English struggles in North America, under the title of "The Battle of Lake George," in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It is needless to say more than that the paper is characterised by all Mr. Parkman's talent for historical word-painting.—Miss Louise Imogen Guiney has a sympathetic article, "An English Literary Cousin," on Leigh Hunt. There is not much new in it; but as a biographical criticism it is well done.—Mr. O. W. Holmes contributes to this monthly some pretty verses.

In *Tin* there are two musical poems by Mr. S. Potter and Mr. R. Downy, while the Latin verse by the Rev. R. W. Sanderson continues to be a novel feature.—Mr. B. M. Ranking writes a weird short story, "The Cold Hand of Morbeck."

The frontispiece of the *Portfolio* is a charming study of a human head by Rajon. An etching by Toussaint of Amiens Cathedral is executed beautifully, and with wonderful accuracy of detail. As to the letterpress we would especially commend "Memorials of a Lombard Country House," by the Countess Martingano Cesaresco. The Palazzo stands on the Lake Garda, and its history is as tragic as its surroundings are picturesque. The article is of great interest.

Mr. Richard Heath contributes to the *Art Journal* an excellent biographical sketch of "Jules Breton, Painter and Poet," and Mr.

Tristram Ellis's "Landscapes in London" are, as usual, good. There is also an admirable engraving, by M. C. E. Thibault, of Aubert's painting, "At the Fountain." Both the *Art Journal* and the *Portfolio* this month are strong numbers.

In the *English Illustrated Magazine* Hugh Conway commences a serial story, entitled "A Family Affair." The two opening situations are strong, and the introduction given us to the brothers Talbert by the author is characterised by great humourousness. The reader will look forward hopefully to a more extended acquaintance with those gentlemen.—We may add that Mr. Shorthouse's spiritual romance well merits reading to its conclusion.

Mr. Percy Fitzgerald's "Betwixt Tavern and Tavern," in the *Magazine of Art*, takes us round some of the old London inns, now fast disappearing before the progress of civilisation and street improvement. The letterpress is good, and so are the illustrations. This is true of the contents of the magazine generally; but we may especially notice an engraving of Mr. Glindoni's picture, "Prince Henry before Judge Gascoigne."

There is in *Temple Bar* a capital historico-biographical paper on "Emma, Lady Hamilton." Lady Hamilton's career from its low beginning to its pitiable close affords ample material for a striking narrative, and the writer has availed himself of his opportunity by giving us an article never dull from beginning to end. He is, moreover, impartial, which is a good deal when it is remembered to how much controversy the subject of this biography has given rise.—"Dr. Beroni's Secret" promises to be what is called a thrilling story.—"A Perilous Secret," by the late Charles Reade, may develop great merit; but the promise so far is not very brilliant.

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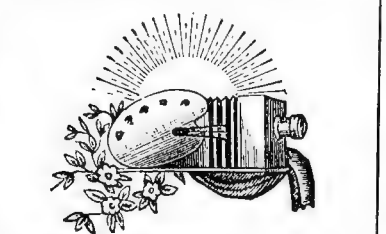
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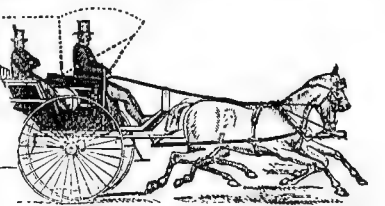
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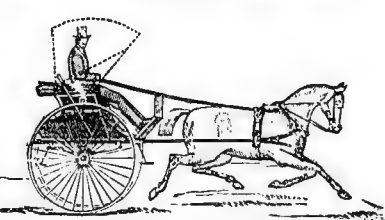
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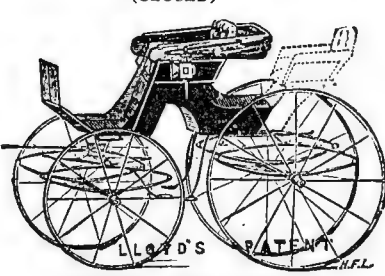
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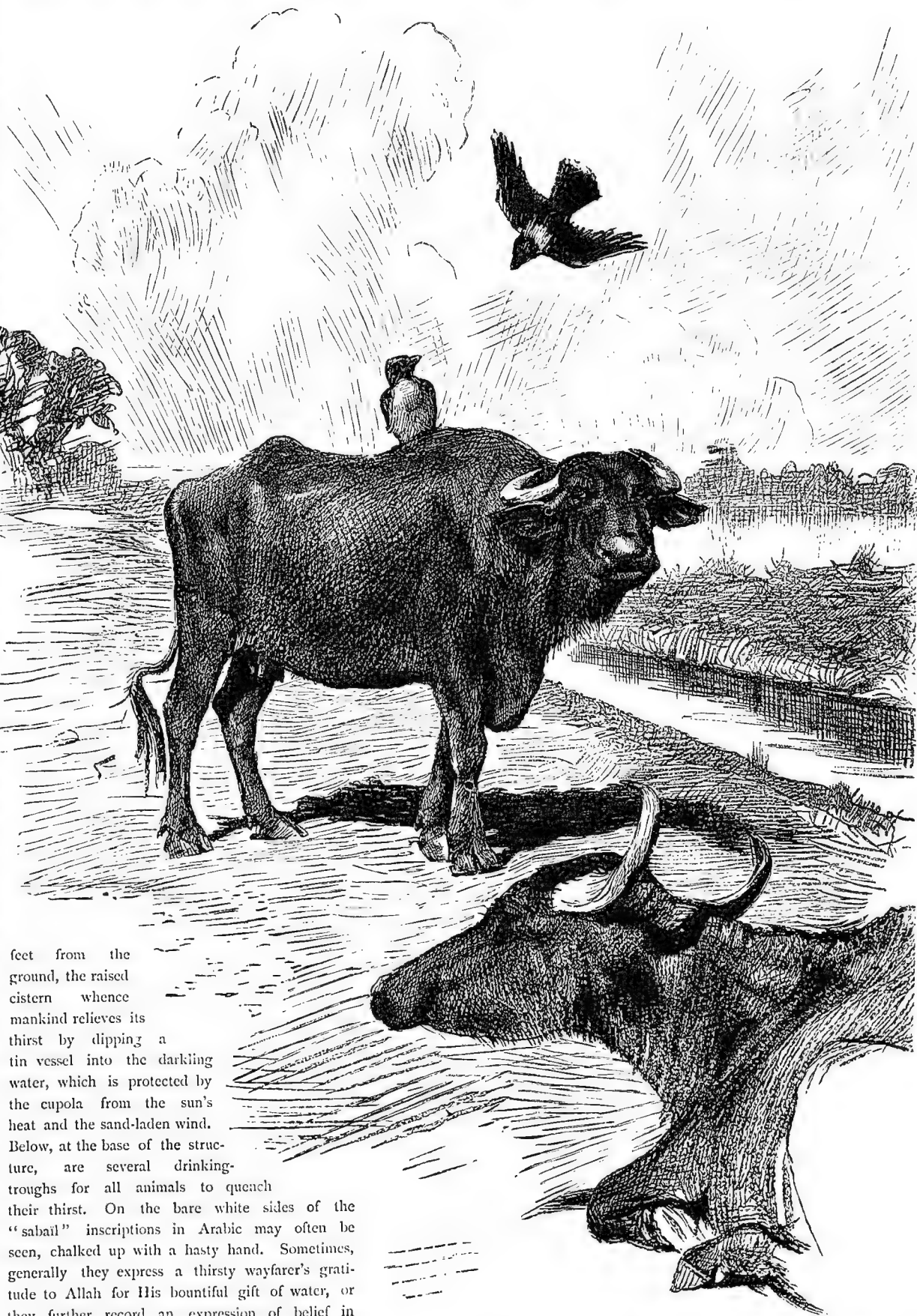
BEHIND US LIE THE WHITE MINARETS, the melon-shaped cupolas, the mud-built houses of an Egyptian city. Before us a level plain, stretching uninterruptedly to the sharp horizon, variegated by brilliant streaks of emerald green, patches of yellow, bands of white, and strips of purple-red, according to the diversified cultivation and the stretches of ploughed land, and further dotted by clumps of tamarisk-trees and date-palms, which, though sparsely scattered in the foreground, yet with increasing distance and perspective close up to the sky in a dark-green dotted fringe: such are the prospects before and behind us as we ride along an Egyptian country road. If we look at the ground we are actually traversing we shall find that the road is simply an ancient causeway, made by the trampling of many feet for many centuries, and that it has had no more regular construction, as might be guessed from the windings and hollows and ruts with which it unusually abounds. If we look on either side we shall notice the dyke filled with water, which seems invariably to follow the course of the road, serving to irrigate the adjacent fields. So we glance behind, before, beneath, and all around us; and if it be, as I for ever imagine it, a sweet spring morning in Lower Egypt, with the air full of fragrant scent from the bean crops and the clover, and the many wild birds uttering joyous cries, we shall take in the simple features of a landscape in the Nile Delta with placid enjoyment and approbation. Between Cairo and the Mediterranean, in that fan-shaped northward extension of Egypt which is shut in by the desert, hills, and the sea, the country is one huge kitchen garden, and has all a kitchen garden's quaint and orderly beauty. The land being criss-crossed at right angles by numberless irrigation trenches, and divided into larger sections by dykes, and again into yet greater divisions by broad canals, has the appearance of being marked off by water into geometrical designs, while the formal disposition of positive, almost glaring bits of colour in the different neatly-separated plots of land, tends to make the plain like a Persian carpet, or a theme of colour-decoration in Saracenic Art.

Amid the meadows and the dykes great sleepy buffaloes are standing in a state of contented languor. They have had their morning mud-bath, without which it is supposed no buffalo can exist for more than twenty-four hours, and now, chewing the cud and moving nought but their ears and tails to keep the flies from settling, they stand or recline in pensive attitudes, while the hooded crows familiarly perch on their high grey backs. It is perhaps seven o'clock in the morning, and the road is thronged with flocks and herds and their drivers. Where they are being driven to—whether to pasture or to market—I cannot say, but about this time in the day the sheep—funny brown things, all curly wool and playfulness—and the lean goats and the dewlapped cattle are seen slowly peregrinating along the dusty roads, urged on by boys with long sticks, or by hard-featured peasant women, clothed in garments of deep indigo-blue. As we ride along, alternately walking soberly amid the flocks and herds, while the sheep butt and skip around us in familiar sport, or irresistibly break into an inspiring gallop whenever the road is level and unoccupied, we come up with a string of camels, loaded with small forests of green forage, which they are carrying to some country town. Two or three men are with them—you know too well by this time the picturesque costume of these semi-Arabs, so I will not reiterate a hackneyed description—and they greet us with a half-mumbled salutation, of which I have never been able to retain more than the last word—something or other "Sa'id"—then, for the road is narrow, they tap their camels with long sticks, and cry to them to stop or stand aside. This the camels do with many grumbings and mutterings of ungracious assent, and I give them as wide a berth as possible, possessing a rooted idea, founded on some natural-history manual of my childhood, that a camel hates a horse and, by implication, its rider, and invariably bites both if they come within reach. Indeed, if looks count for anything, the foremost camel of the band regards me from under his long-eyelashed eyelids with such bitter detestation, that I feel quite apologetic for having caused him to turn aside. A Frenchman in Alsace, who has to take the wall to let three German soldiers go by abreast, could hardly express more acrid hate. This camel wears a muzzle of withes, and continually champs his saliva into white foam, doubtless as a vent to his pent-up feelings, for spring with these queer ruminants is the season of love, and all the male camels would fain hie away to the open fields, and gambol with their numerous lady-loves, rather than trudge along a dusty highway with loads of forage swaying from side to side.

The camels are passed, and then another gallop ensues till we are again checked by a concourse of men and beasts.

Along all Egyptian roads, at intervals of a mile or more, are placed drinking-fountains, called (I think) "sabail," with water mercifully provided for all living creatures, whether flocks and herds, weary dogs, thirsty humans, or the merry black and white water-wagtails that flirt their tails and perch on the fountain's brim. The upper part of the little white-washed erection is generally a graceful cupola on four short pillars, and this covers, at about five

feet from the ground, the raised cistern whence mankind relieves its thirst by dipping a tin vessel into the darkling water, which is protected by the cupola from the sun's heat and the sand-laden wind. Below, at the base of the structure, are several drinking-troughs for all animals to quench their thirst. On the bare white sides of the "sabail" inscriptions in Arabic may often be seen, chalked up with a hasty hand. Sometimes, generally they express a thirsty wayfarer's gratitude to Allah for His bountiful gift of water, or they further record an expression of belief in the efficacy of prayer, or of Mahomed's intercession. Occasionally a loose jest obtrudes itself. These "sabail" are great rendezvous and resting-places with the country people, and are rarely deserted when you approach.



"AMID THE MEADOWS AND THE DYKES GREAT SLEEPY BUFFALOES ARE STANDING"

Here you may encounter most of the country types which compose the collection of sketches which I put before you on the following page.

Here "Old Egypt," some half-Bedouin camel-driver, may be seen, stopping to quench his thirst and give and return the morning

greetings. I call him "Old Egypt," as being the opposite pole to the "Young Egypt" whose portrait was presented to you in the former part of these jottings, and also because I despair of finding an older type that has remained unchanged. This man's forefathers probably entered Egypt with Amru and his invading Arabs at the end of the seventh century, and no earlier, unless, indeed, the Bedawi, the wandering Arabs, have not roamed over the Egyptian

delta from the days of the Hyksos kings. *Apropos* of the Bedawi, or Bedouins, a curious note may be mentioned here, which I derive from a fellow traveller in Egypt, who was a great Hebrew scholar. We all know the passage in the Old Testament (1 Kings xvii., 6) wherein Elijah the Tishbite is said to have been fed by ravens. Now in Hebrew and modern Arabic alike, "Ghorban" (in the

plural) means "ravens," and "Orban" (plural of Arab) means Bedawi, wandering Arabs. The initial letters in both words (*Ghain*, *Ain*) are only distinguished either in Hebrew or Arabic characters by a dot, and this dot or point having been taken for granted, owing to some blemish in the original manuscripts, it is alleged that a mis-translation of "ravens" for "Arabs" has thus been perpetuated. Stopping to water his horse at the trough of the "sabail," you may see



SHEIK-EL-BELAD

an "Effendi," or local squireen, attended by a ragged groom. He has, perhaps, been riding round his estate this morning, or perhaps he may be a tax-gatherer come to estimate the yield of the crops. His greeting is reserved, though polite, and he looks at us out of the corners of his eyes, as if distrusting the motives that should make us leave the railway to journey on horse-back along the Egyptian by-roads.

Groups of women, with their great earthen pitchers poised on the head, are slowly trooping along the raised pathway above the road, coming to fill up the water jars at the fountain for their household's daily supply. They must needs stop to gossip—is not gossip at the fountain their sole pleasure and relaxation through the day's drudgery?—and they are by no means churlish of greeting, even to the English infidels, to whom with not unkindly manner they hand draughts of cold water in the tin mug hanging to a nail against the fountain wall. These women of the country are far simpler in habits, far freer and less hedged round by restrictions, than their sisters in the town. They go unveiled, and march along with sturdy stride, disdaining to ride on donkeys. Their faces are frequently pleasing, and sometimes pretty. The complexion is generally rather yellow, but the eyes are really fine and the teeth good. They bear blue tattoo marks on various parts of the face; some on the chin, others on the brow, nose, or cheekbones. As in most of the races of uncivilised mankind their physical beauty is far inferior to that of the men, and their stature is apt to be dumpy and low.

It is getting warm as we jog on again beyond the fountain, for the sun is fast approaching the zenith. The buffaloes are immersed up to their noses and horns in every piece of water sufficiently deep to admit of their bodies being covered. There are fewer flocks



AN ARAB GENTLEMAN

curved beaks—are turning over the old droppings of the cattle for the sake of the beetles which go thither to lay their eggs. From the reeds that border the dyke sedge-warblers send an occasional chirrup; crickets are in full swing with their monotonous stridulation; and a fit key note to this weary music is the dolorous grating creak of the sakiyah, or water-wheel, which is being turned by some patient beast continually treading his circle of beaten earth.

We are now passing along a more regulated track than heretofore. It bears some resemblance to a road, and even becomes at times an avenue, shaded over head by tall tamarisk trees. In the fields on either side corn and clover give place to patches of onions, cabbages, lettuces, and many other vegetables. Then an Arab village comes in sight, and a glint of white water is just visible beyond, where the Nile itself is flowing between high banks bordered with weeping willows. The village is mainly mud-built, and, indeed, in the dried-up pools about its outskirts, mud-pie or mud-patty making is going in earnest, women and children being engaged in kneading the soft grey mud into bricks, which are then laid apart to be baked. Just under the walls of the village there are great stagnant pools remaining from one Nile overflow to another, and often serving as bathing-place and drinking supply to the villagers. The surface of the water is half covered with brownish slime, or it may be a uniform green, with duck-weed. Brown men and boys with nothing on, and even their tarbooshes off, showing their heads half shaven, half covered with long black locks, are bathing and sporting in these pools, while perhaps a dead cat or dog, or even an ancient buffalo, lies rotting in the water, and



OLD EGYPT

lending doubtless an agreeable flavour to the strange fluid with which the natives, when too lazy to go to their wells, quench their thirst, and imbibe the seeds of cholera. As their wells, however, are near neighbours to cesspools, it is probable that the result would be the same wherever they drew their water, unless they took the trouble to go to the "sabail," the canals, or the Nile. Every Egyptian village is built on, and out of, the *d'bris* of its predecessors, if, indeed, its history has not been continuous, and a long series of gradual changes, with scarcely a break from the most ancient times to the present day. When a building falls into ruin they do not clear the ruins away, but rather build on top of them, and so the villages rise higher and higher on the rubbish heaps of bygone days. This system is partly intentional, because in occasional high floods of the Nile the lower habitations are not always safe. Yet most of these villages would be treasure-houses of archaeology were excavations undertaken in the mounds that mark the sites of ruined buildings. It is really difficult to realise the fact that the soil of Egypt has been merely superficially turned over in certain parts, and that there are many untouched places in the Delta where cities are known to be buried under the dust heaps, and where the peasant children can find coins and antiques for the trouble of rooting in the earth with their fingers or toes.

The outskirts of the modern villages are most unsavoury. The garbage that lies in all directions, the stagnating water, and the

various dead animals thrown out of the town, combine to form a disagreeable smell in midday heat. Multitudes of buzzing flies surround you, and weary you with their pertinacity. Did you not



A FELLAH

continually wave your arms and carry a fly-flapper they would crowd into your eyes, up your nostrils, and even enter your mouth whenever it was open. If then you reflect that these flies have probably left the foulest of garbage to settle on your face their presence becomes intolerable, and you frantically slash at them in all directions till exhaustion supervenes.

As we ride half round the village to avoid a transit of its dirty streets we disturb the many vultures, kites, crows, and mangy dogs which are finding something to devour in the heaps of refuse. We have preferred to fix our resting-place in an open spot on the banks of the Nile, where the weeping willows cast their shade, and we can lie at the tent door and watch the great white-sailed dahabiahs floating lazily down the river. Whilst our lunch is preparing the old Sheikh-el-Belad comes to see us, and squats down with two or three attendant friends on the ground facing the doorway. He has not much to say of any interest or novelty, and after the complimentary cup of coffee is over takes his leave. His place is taken by the hoopoes and water-wagtails, which, with the boldness characteristic of Egyptian birds, hop close up to the tent, and eat the scraps and crumbs thrown out to them.

Not far from us, along the banks of the river, a market is taking place, the point of rendezvous being an old Marabout's tomb. Hither camels, buffaloes, oxen, sheep, goats, fowls, and turkeys are brought for sale, and the clamour of disputing tongues, together with the many cries of birds and beasts, reach us at our meal in a strange medley of sounds, which, as the afternoon progresses, and the market-people disperse, break up and die away, save for the



A FELLAH

heartrending lowing of an unhappy cow whose calf has been parted from her, and who refuses to be comforted.

upon the road now, and many self-possessed hoopoes—pretty graceful birds, chestnut, white, and black, with gay crests and

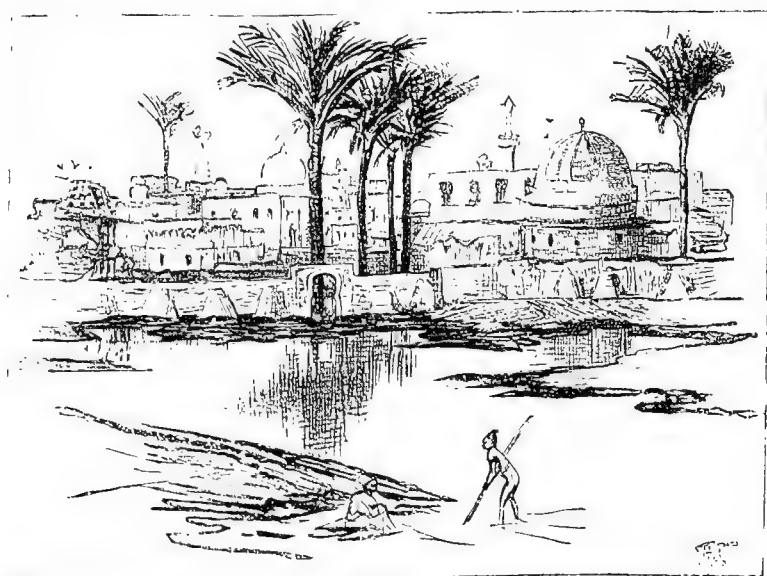
Some hundred yards away from the river bank are great dilapidated whitewashed barracks falling into ruin, and now tenanted only by a few Egyptian *gendarmérie*, who are lying in the shade smoking cigarettes. To the right of the barracks arises an unwieldy pile of several stories, the usual country palace in Parisian style built by the ex-Khédive. Behind the stuccoed mass is a magnificent garden, of which the peach and almond trees in blossom stand out, soft clouds of pink blossom against the sombre background of darker foliage.



A NILE TOWN

Thicker, tempted by anticipations of cool shade and flower-fragrance, we direct our steps, to be met by an obsequious Coptic gardener, who has been sitting with a few friends under the vines and fig-trees which he vicariously tends, and who, with some vague fear of having to render an account of his stewardship, hopes to propitiate us with his willing service.

The shabby gateway to the palace-court is still surmounted by a firework device, a vestige of the last visit paid to his demesne by the late owner. The palace steps are already in ruin, possibly owing to the stones having been removed and stolen during the recent time of anarchy. A mean and warped wooden door, ill-fitting the doorway, its planks cracked and bowed, and needing but a slight push to yield and admit you, is nevertheless attached to the jamb by a huge padlock, which is ceremoniously unlocked by the guardian, while one of the underlings creeps through below the hinges and drags it open from the inside. Then we are in a spacious hall, with tall mirrors set in frames of tarnished gold, and bearing still on them the pasted label of their maker's name and address at Marseilles! The stone floor is covered with immense French carpets of grandiose design—leviathan roses and lilies. Round this apartment are divans covered with chintzes to match the carpets. A fine large staircase of bold design starts away from the farther end of the room, and on



AN ARAB VILLAGE

having been a rainy one, the timbers are rotting, and I fancy the palace may soon solve the difficulties attending its keeping up by falling down, and adding another ruin to the many around.

A more pleasing spectacle is the beautiful garden attached. Left to itself for several years, free from pruning-knife and scythe, the alleys are nearly shut out from the sky beneath a maze of interlacing boughs, and choked up with high bush grass. There are fairy forests of peach and apricot trees, of almonds, cherries, and plums, filling the garden with the odour of their masses of blossom. There are hedges of geraniums all a blaze of scarlet, *hibiscus* trees, with their glorious deep crimson flowers—and roses! Roses to any extent, not wonderful in individual quality, but in such profuse quantity that the eye lights on them at every turn. Groves of dark palm trees dominate the alleys of the garden, and here and there a gloomy cypress or shady lotus-tree gives depth and solemnity to a quiet nook. In the centre of the garden stands a huge and tasteless kiosque, under which is a marble fountain, with sculptured eagles ready to discharge thin shoots of water from their beaks. This kiosque, were it a little less tawdry, might serve in fancy for some enchanted palace sunk in slumber, for we have had to fight our way to it through rose-tangles and briars, and here on arriving, by the last gleams of the sinking sun, we seem to distinguish figures of

beautiful damsels sunk in sleep, the attendants on some central figure which stands in petrified wonder above the eagles on the fountain. Alas! looked at closer, they are seen to be only the common-place marble houris made to order either to hold gas-lamps, as these do, or fill up halls and landings in Continental hotels. Laden with all the flowers we can carry, and followed by the gardener bearing more, we return to our tent, and pass a cosy evening there, only moderately disturbed by the fleas and dogs which have sallied out from the town to harass us to the best of their ability. Tired with the day's ride, and sprinkled all over with insect-powder, we lie down to rest too sleepy to be much agitated by either plague, though both fleas and dogs in Egypt are potent for ill. The fleas simply swarm in the soil, no matter whether you be far removed from a city or not; while the dogs would not be true to their race did they not bay at every stranger's presence from dusk till dawn.

When you are in an irritable or nervous mood, an Egyptian dog of evil mind has the power to make you cruelly suffer. His companions have done their usual barking, yapping, howling, boo—hoo—hooing, which commences after sunset, and are disposed to slink off towards midnight, and occupy themselves with a quiet prowling. But he, the evil-minded dog, who bears you some deep and unexplained grudge, will it not so, and determines to rekindle the quiescent anger of his comrades. So the brief and unhoped-for silence which comes as balm to your wearied brain is suddenly broken by a hideous, tempestuous volley of barks, delivered with such furious impetuosity that they become merged at the end into a prolonged howl. This recalls his retreating companions, who at first are indisposed to join, having already had their fill of baying, and being rather more inclined to forage for a supper. But this zealot of a dog, who goes on continuously yapping, though his voice grows faint and shrill with exhaustion, rekindles the sullen animosity of his friends, and they prowl round the tent, giving assent to all he puts forward in his indictment with low, muttered growls. Then one or two of the most moved among them join the accuser, and their fresh voices lend strength to his, and, encouraged by the growing sympathy of public feeling, he declaims against you with renewed vigour.

At last the whole assembly is stirred, and a deafening clamour breaks out, some of the lady dogs becoming hysterical, and rising in shrill and dolorous "boo-hoo's" above the gruffer bass of the sterner sex, while all the time, his steady barking rising

triumphant above the general chorus, your persecutor shrieks out your crimes in a transport of maddened fury, delighted to find he has roused public opinion, and with a glad tone of "I told you so!—I told you so!" ringing through his deafening barks. At this juncture you have risen, and seizing everything portable in the tent, have sallied forth to prove that dogs are mortal, your ears exasperated by the unmerited attacks on your rest; but futile is your sortie: the curs that a minute before were at your very portal are now far dispersed, and become mere flitting shadows in the gloom. To satisfy your feelings you hurl something in their direction, and return to bed, to be followed by a renewed outburst from the now thoroughly-in-earnest dogs, who find their worst suspicions confirmed, and have at you with their tongues till day breaks.

Journeying in the Delta is certainly pleasanter at present than in Upper Egypt. The people are softer and less fanatical in feeling than the inhabitants of Upper Egypt, who, perhaps because they are more purely Arab in blood, feel more keenly the degradation of having their country occupied by a Christian army. The ordinary fellah of the Delta is a timid, submissive creature, who only asks to be let alone. He scarcely cares who governs him, provided the taxes do not drain his sustenance entirely, and he be left with something sufficient to keep life going. But the peasant of Upper Egypt is less tractable to deal with; and, though generally better treated than the Delta man, grumbles more with each concession, and is hard to please. He is, however, thrifty, and is continually saving money.

Upper and Lower Egypt differ much in climate. The Delta of the Nile is quite a rainy country in the winter months, but south of Cairo rain falls with increasing rarity. There is generally a



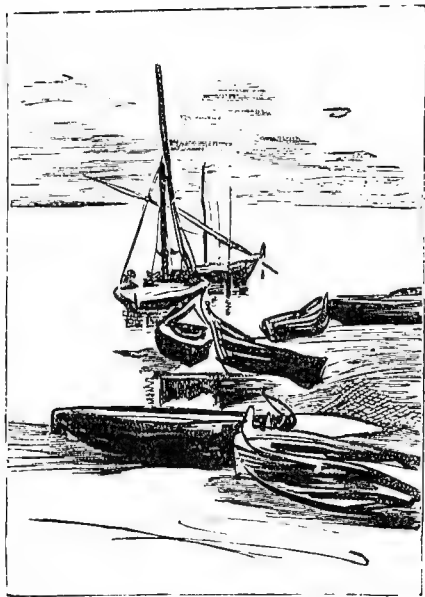
LEBEKAM AT THE WELL

month's difference in the crops between these two provinces. In the middle of March the wheat, which in the Delta is a green blade, in Upper Egypt, two hundred miles above Cairo, is ready for reaping.

In Upper Egypt also the landscapes differ somewhat from those we have already described. Here there is no interminable horizon of meadow lands and verdant pasture. Ascending the Nile above Cairo, its valley lessens to a width of twenty miles. This tract, periodically overflowed, is richly green and all cultivated, but beyond on either side it is limited by the yellow hills of the desert, which occasionally rise into black-peaked, frowning mountains. The course of the river at any distance from its banks is marked by the

ascending it we arrive at a great series of apartments, ample, spacious, and lofty, with high ceilings, and many windows. These rooms are not ill-designed as regards shape, but, as usual, their decoration is in the worst possible taste. Here the carpets, the divans, the curtains are rapidly perishing under the attacks of moths and damp. The roof being partly in disrepair, and the late winter

white sails or slanting masts of the dahabiahs as they wend their way through the landscape. The river's bed is mile-wide, but in the summer months the stream is split up into many channels by sandbanks and low, wooded islands. As in the Delta country canals abound. Indeed, they are for ever tapping the Nile below its last Cataracts. There are also many lagoons and shallow pools remaining from the annual overflow of the Nile. At the time of this inundation the country of Upper Egypt is a great expanse of water,



FISHING-BOATS ON A LAGOON

and only the main highways and the villages remain above the surface. The roads are raised some fifteen feet above the level of the fields, and thus as you journey along these causeways you can see far and wide over the flat country. At sunset it is curious to see the long files of men and beasts standing out in black silhouettes as they pass along against the flaming sky.

In Upper Egypt the crops generally raised are wheat, beans, lucerne, and sugar-cane; in Lower Egypt, also cotton and rice. The date-palm is abundantly planted, and there are several varieties of dates, some good and others barely eatable. In the spring time the Arabs may be seen ascending the trunks of the female palms, by means of a strap round their backs which they use as a lever, and carrying with them a bunch of the male flower, with which to fertilise the female blossom. How did the date-palm manage before man meddled with its family affairs? Was it wind-fertilised, or did the bees have aught to do with it? The male flower has two points about it likely to attract insects—a strong, fragrant smell and a bright yellow interior to the spathe.

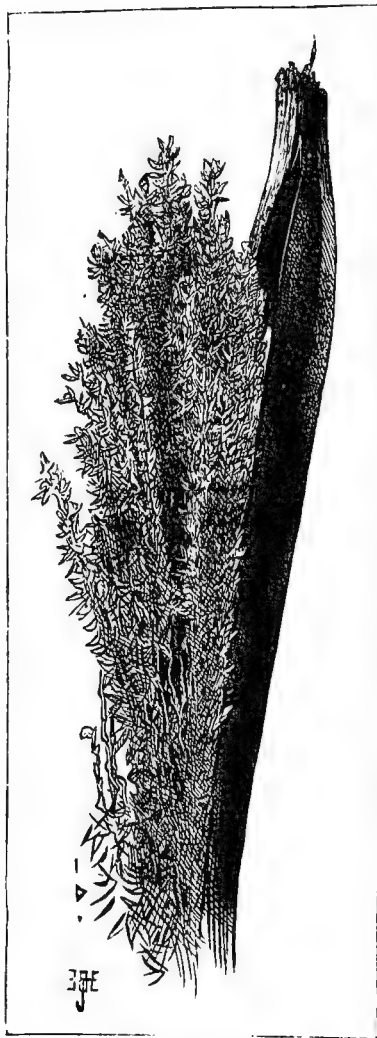
In Egypt there is many a pastoral strip of country wherein the scenes of life recall the days of the patriarchs. The people are dwelling in little camels'-hair tents, or hastily-constructed dwellings of withes and grass. Over the plains wander great herds of cattle, whose humps and dewlaps and general contour have remained almost unchanged since the days of the Ancient Egyptians. Horses are tethered near the habitations, and neigh and whinny to their companions passing along the roads or arriving from a journey. Female camels with their young are strolling round the encampment cropping the sparse herbage. Herds of asses, flocks of black and brown sheep, troops of milch goats with their gambolling kids, show that the riches of the modern Arab are in kind and manner what those of his ancestors were when they wandered about the deserts of Syria and the Euphrates Valley some two thousand years and more ago. About the stubble, where the corn has been freshly cut, great flocks of blue pigeons are feeding. They fly out some miles from the villages to feed, returning at night to those pigeon-towers, so abundant in every Egyptian town, which are built by the inhabitants to collect their excrement, the "doves' dung" of the Scriptures, which makes such excellent manure. There are perhaps as many pigeon-towers in every village as there are dwelling-houses, and their architecture is sometimes most fantastic. They imitate ruined towers and minarets, and are often richly decorated with designs in whitewash and yellow ochre.

The domestic fowl, it is needless to say, is abundantly found throughout Egypt at the present day, but it would be a curious and interesting question to decide the date of its introduction to the Valley of the Nile. It is not, I believe, represented among the many living creatures depicted in the ancient Egyptian mural paintings, *bas-reliefs*, or papyri. The domestic fowl was not known to the Jews before their Persian exile, and the Greeks, also,

seem to have received it first from Persian or Asiatic sources. It is possible even that the inhabitants of Tropical Africa have not always possessed it, but date its appearance among them subsequent to its introduction into the Valley of the Nile. The whole question of the origin and history of our domestic animals and cultivated plants is one of the most intricate and interesting among the many collateral problems to which the rise and development of man have given birth.

Another addition to the Egyptian farmyard, apparently not pre-Ptolemaic in history, is the buffalo, now one of the most serviceable creatures the modern Egyptian possesses. These great "water oxen" are of course the tamed and degenerate descendants of the Indian buffalo, or "Arnee," found wild over most parts of Tropical Asia. They still retain from their wild ancestors a semi-aquatic mode of life, and are unable to live if deprived of their daily bath. There is no doubt that Nature was gradually transforming this creature into a kind of horned hippopotamus destined to a purely aquatic existence, when man, stepping in at this juncture, spoiled all her plans with his impatient action, tamed some of the buffaloes, and proceeded to exterminate the rest, and thus we find the creature at the present time only presenting the dawning of certain peculiarities, such as its nearly hairless hide, long muzzle, flat horns, and broad splay hoofs which would, in the course of time, and with free scope of action, have developed into very striking modifications for a water life. A curious point about these buffaloes is their mode of attack. They do not gore, but strike down their enemy with their horny convex foreheads, and then, bowing down, trample him to death with their broad knees.

It is difficult to recognise the supposed hatred of Easterns for the dog with the fact that all Arab villages swarm with these animals. In Egypt there are two principal breeds fairly dissimilar in character and appearance. The common kind is the well-known pariah dog, yellow, prick-eared, and jackal-like, but there is also a larger type of dog used for guarding flocks and houses, looking like a black wolf, and very fierce in disposition. The pariah dog is a noisy coward, barking perpetually, but afraid to bite, whereas this fierce, wolfish sheep-dog makes but little noise, and bites ferociously when his suspicions are aroused. The domestic cat of the Nile Valley is



MALE BLOSSOM OF THE DATE-PALM

an unchanged descendant from those lucky grimalkins whom the Ancient Egyptians pampered when alive and embalmed when dead.

Some people who like to start theories of their own to differ from those generally accepted maintain that the origin of our domestic cat lies in a gawky, long-legged, sandy-coloured, lynx-like creature found in Upper Nubia and Eastern Africa, and not, as few have doubted, in the ordinary wild cat of Europe and Asia, which in everything but length of tail resembles our domestic form. To them I would point

out that the Egyptian cat is never tabbied, a form of marking rarely absent from the domestic cat, and never from its true wild progenitor. The present cats in Egypt are rather pretty creatures, graceful, short-legged, bushy-tailed, and well-marked.



THE GARDEN OF A DESERTED PALACE

Although Egypt proper is somewhat poor in indigenous mammals, those that it possesses being principally of a "desert" character, yet it is singularly rich in bird fauna. Besides its intermediate situation between the palæoarctic—Euro-Asiatic—region on the north, and Tropical Africa on the south, which causes it to be a meeting-ground of these two diverse districts and their different fauna and flora, it also lies on the road of migration, and for certain months in the year is thronged with birds of passage. In the Delta of the Nile you encounter side by side the *Centropus* cuckoo of Tropical Africa, and the tits, sparrows, and warblers of Europe. In the same pool may be seen fishing the truly African kingfishers of the genera *Ceryle* and *Ceryx*, and the little *Alcedo isipida* the common kingfishers of our ponds and streams at home.

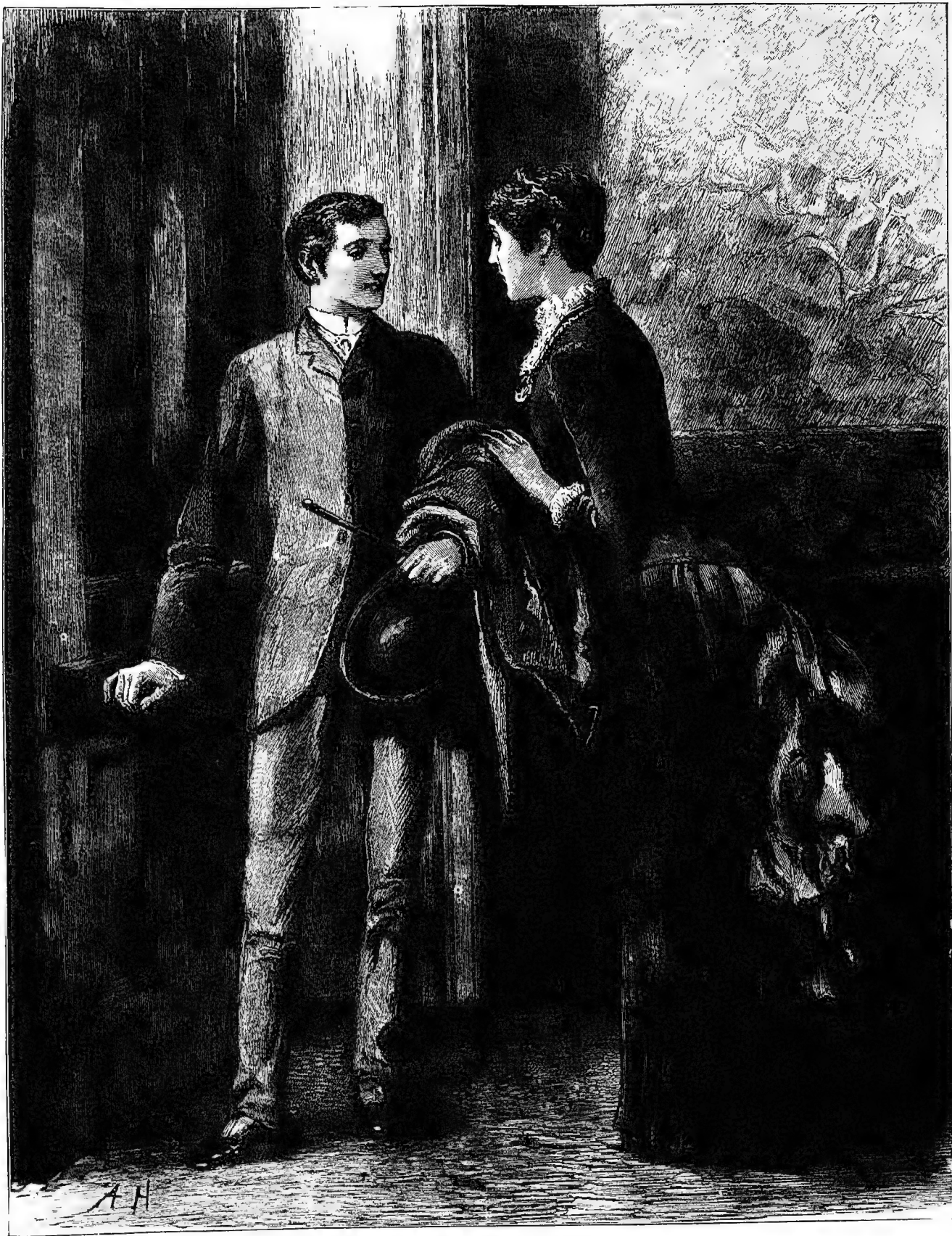
There are at least four distinct groups of birds in Egypt, to arrange them according to their geographical affinities—the European, Mediterranean, Desert, and Tropical African. The first is represented by the warblers, whinchats, stonechats, redstarts, wagtails, finches, and many wading and water birds; the second, or "Mediterranean," by bee-eaters, hoopoes, hooded-crows, vultures, flamingoes, and pelicans; many Desert* forms abound, such as desert-larks, sand-grouse, bustards, coursers, kites, and desert hawks; and finally Africa contributes sun-birds, cuckoos, kingfishers, and painted snipe.

A remarkable feature and a pleasant one in Egyptian birds is their extreme boldness. Larks will hardly trouble to get out of your way in walking—the London sparrow is nothing to it in easy confidence. Yellow wagtails bring their half-fledged young to the roadside, and feed them composedly with grubs while you stand by, scarcely a yard off. The beautiful little white egrets which abound in every marshy spot are similarly tame, and the hooded crows almost push their impudent confidence too far, coolly snatching the food from the table. The very flamingoes and pelicans display a guilelessness that costs them dear. One of the most lucrative employments in the Delta consists in decoying all manner of water-birds with simple devices to their capture or death wholesale. The fishermen, or more properly water-bird catchers, wade up to their prey screened with a thin covering of reeds and grass, and seize the unsuspecting flamingoes by the legs. As on the lakes of Tunis, there are men who make it their trade to capture water-birds for their skins, and many a boat may be seen returning laden with lovely spoil of rosy-white flamingoes and snowy-breasted grebes.

Egypt is poor in wild plants. Why it is that great tracts of fallow land should lie for months and years without ever a weed appearing on their rich soil, I cannot say, but so it is. The railway embankments and raised roads need no weeding. Unless seed of poppies, thistles, or vetch be introduced by European crops, the waysides of Egypt have few wild flowers. The dykes and ditches, which one would imagine crammed with water plants under the forcing action of the hot sun, nevertheless grow little but occasional duckweed, sedge grasses, and the bulrushes with which the infant Moses was screened from the subjects of Pharaoh.

H. H. JOHNSTON

* The "Desert" region means those intermediate tracts of sterile country lying between the Northern Temperate Zone and the Tropics.



DRAWN BY ARTHUR HOPKINS

"You don't really mean to marry Miss Greyson, do you, Gerald?" "Most undoubtedly," he returned, brusquely.

FROM POST TO FINISH:

A RACING ROMANCE

BY HAWLEY SMART,

AUTHOR OF "BREEZIE LANGTON," "BOUND TO WIN," "THE GREAT TONTINE," "AT FAULT," &c.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE LAWYERS MEET

"MR. PEARSON wants to see me? Tell him I shall be disengaged in a few minutes, Tomlinson," said Mr. Writson, as he contemplated his brother practitioner's card in his own private sanctum in Parliament Street. "This must, of course, mean a move *in re* the estate of Alistair Rockingham. Not likely Pearson is making any move on his own account; he knows that whatever pulls he had at the poor Squire's feathers they were much too carefully masked for us to lay any hold of, but with Mr. Elliston it is different—we have record of his indebtedness," and Mr. Writson touched the bell as a signal that he was ready to receive his visitor.

"Good morning, Mr. Pearson," he said courteously, as that gentleman entered the office; "I was sorry to see that the stable was somewhat out of luck at Goodwood."

Mr. Writson knew but little and cared less about turf matters, but there is neither man, woman, nor child in Yorkshire to whom "talking horse" is not as natural as breathing, and the fortunes of the Riddleton stable were always the subject of common conversation in the city.

"Yes," replied Pearson; "when your expectations of winning a good stake are just upset by a head it's always disappointing. The

calculation is shown right enough, but the element of luck incidental to racing has gone against you."

"Pray, sit down, as you are aware I am but a poor judge of such things."

"And yet," said Pearson, as he complied with his brother professional's request, "you are acting for an old client of mine who ruined himself at the game. The poor Squire was much too impulsive to do any good on a racecourse."

"If he assisted other people to anything like the extent he assisted his cousin it would not need the addition of a taste for the turf to account for his difficulties," replied Mr. Writson, drily.

"Ah, yes! I have come round to speak to you on the part of Mr. Elliston," replied Pearson.

"I hope you are empowered to pay the money he is indebted to the late Squire, or, at all events, a considerable instalment of it."

"You see that is what it amounts to. It is only a debt."

"A debt for which I am instructed to press for payment. No one can know better than you how very little, after the creditors are satisfied, there will be left for the family. Such a sum as Mr. Elliston's unpaid bills represent is far too considerable to be looked over."

Mr. Writson travelled a little without the record in this last speech, for, so far, he had received no instructions from Gerald, of whose whereabouts he was still in ignorance; but Pearson did not

know that, although he thought it very probable that neither his solicitor nor his own people knew how Gerald was getting his living. Sam Pearson had been quite as anxious as his partner that the lad's connection with Riddleton should cease, but not quite from the same cause. In spite of a genial manner, Pearson would have never allowed his feelings to interfere with his interest, but he had compunctions about seeing the son of his old patron a servant in an establishment where the father had been emphatically master. With Elliston the case was different. He had always entertained a strong personal dislike to Gerald from a child; but for that boy he would have stood in the position of heir to Cranley, and on that dislike there was now grafted a superstitious feeling that Gerald represented his evil star. Thrice already he considered had "Jim Forrest" caused him to lose heavily, though there was nothing extraordinary in any one of the three races. In the Two Thousand a good but bad-tempered horse took it into his head to do his best ridden by the lad he was accustomed to. In the Julys the best horse won, as it was no secret all connected with the stable confidently expected it would; while in the Stewards' Cup Riddleton was just beat by a known good horse from Newmarket—the *ci-devant* Jim Forrest merely proving himself a fine horseman, which he had shown before.

"You see," said Pearson, after a long pause, during which he was

turning over in his mind the lowest possible sum he could in common decency offer in composition. "Mr. Elliston is rather unfortunately placed just now for ready money. If he had a good year last year, luck has run steadily against him this. It was a pity you did not apply to him before his Phaeton winnings had found their way back to the pockets of the King, whence they came."

"I should have thought he would have devoted some of them, at all events, to paying the son a portion of what he owed the father."

"Elliston, like a good many other people, has plenty of hungry creditors when he has money, and naturally pacifies those most likely to proceed to extremities. You should have made your application before this year's disasters."

"Nobody knows better than you," returned Mr. Writson, sharply, "that Gerald Rockingham only put his affairs into my hands this year—he has but recently found those bills. You, I dare say, knew of their existence."

"Whether I did or no has nothing to do with the question. You know you can't recover on them by law."

"Perhaps not. But I should think Mr. Elliston would not like to face the exposure consequent on our attempting to do so."

"Cuthbert Elliston would face a good deal sooner than pay a sum of money like that," returned Pearson, sententiously.

"You know very well his reputation at the present moment is by no means stainless—much too frail, I fancy, to stand a fresh scandal such as this would be."

"Pooh!" replied Pearson. "As long as you settle they'd be tolerably indifferent at Tattersall's or Newmarket as to where or how you got the money. A man who always pays when he loses possesses a cardinal virtue that justifies the infraction of every law in the Decalogue."

"But Mr. Elliston, remember, has a wife and a social position to maintain, and what may be overlooked on the turf may not be disregarded by society. His late cousin was a very popular man, and I know that about here there is deep sympathy felt for his widow and children."

"From that point of view I grant you it might be worth my client's while to pay something. As for his paying the whole, it is no use talking about it—he couldn't if he would."

There was silence between the two men. Each was waiting for the other to make the next move. Mr. Writson broke it at last.

"What do you propose to do? You came here to make a proposition of some sort on Mr. Elliston's part, I presume?"

"Well, I suppose the thing really lies in a nutshell," said Pearson. "You can't expect Elliston to pay all, and know that you can't legally exact it. You have only one way out of it, and that is a composition. It's a mere question of what you'll take to cry quits."

"What has Mr. Elliston empowered you to offer?" inquired Mr. Writson.

"I am not precisely empowered to make you a definite offer," returned Pearson; "but, from what my client said, I think he would go as far as a thousand pounds."

"A thousand pounds in lieu of the six thousand odd which he really owes to Gerald Rockingham! Mr. Elliston is not very liberal in his ideas of settling with his creditors—about three-and-sixpence in the pound cannot be said to err in that direction. However, I must see what Mr. Gerald has to say to it."

A sudden thought flashed across Pearson. He looked his companion hard in the face, and then said:

"Are you quite sure that you know where Gerald Rockingham is? And what he is doing? I've a shrewd suspicion that neither you nor his family know where to communicate with him."

Mr. Writson had tolerable command of his features, but he was so taken aback by the guess of his quick-witted antagonist that he could not avoid betraying in his face the accuracy of it.

"Ha, I thought so!" exclaimed Pearson; "then let me tell you in the profession young Rockingham has embraced he is very likely to want a thousand pounds at any moment. There's a leaven of the old Squire in his composition, and I recollect hearing that he was 'blooded' over the Phaeton Leger."

"You surely can't mean that he has taken to racing? Why, you must be aware that he has no money for anything of that sort."

"There are many young gentlemen who don't seem to find that much of an obstacle in these days; but if Gerald Rockingham don't choose to tell you what he's doing it's no affair of mine. You will doubtless know all in good time, but a thousand pounds may be useful in any profession—in fact, I never knew a man who didn't want a thousand pounds. However, there's no more to be said now. You can send round to me when you have heard what Gerald Rockingham says to our offer. Good morning!" And with that Mr. Pearson took his departure.

"Yes," muttered the wily lawyer, as he made his way to his own residence, "I think I may tell Elliston that he's not likely to be troubled for some little time. They would hardly move without young Rockingham's consent, and it's quite evident they don't know where he is, nor that he's blossomed into a celebrity. I can't help rather admiring the boy's pluck myself, and he *can* ride; but it will be rather a shock to his own people when they come to hear of it," and Sam Pearson could not refrain from smiling as he thought of haughty Ellen Rockingham receiving the intelligence that her brother had turned jockey.

Mr. Writson remained wrapped in thought some little time after his visitor had left him. If Sam Pearson knew where Gerald was, it was probable there were others in York who possessed the same information, and yet it was very strange that he should keep his mother and sister in ignorance of his whereabouts. What was this calling he had turned his hand to? And what object could he have in making a mystery of it? Young men, far from making any secret of their profession, are generally rather proud of having embarked on one. It is an unmistakable recognition of their manhood. Young, and with all its chances, whatever they may be, before them, it is but natural that they should be proud of the career which they have embraced. It is only later, when the prizes have been all missed, the chances all lost, and the profession of their adoption has turned out but a grudging stepmother to them, that they lose their love for it, that despondency comes over them, and they wish their line of life had been otherwise.

However, Mr. Writson reflected, if his client chose to keep his whereabouts a mystery, it was not for him to unravel it. He must surely see or hear from him ere long, and Cuthbert Elliston's offer was not a thing that pressed so much as two or three older matters. At all events, Mr. Writson reflected, he could proceed no further without Gerald's instructions. Even in arranging the sale of Cranley Chase, which the late Squire's liabilities rendered necessary, he was now much hampered by the absence of his principal. He had hoped, in the first instance, that the place at all events might have been saved, and that a heavy sacrifice of the outlying lands would have averted the sale of the house and park. But it was now evident that even if it were possible—which was very doubtful—to retain these, the income left would be totally inadequate to keep up such a place as Cranley. It might be painful, but it was undoubtedly the wisest thing for the family to part with their broad manors altogether. Another thing rather troubled Mr. Writson. Although not as yet advertised, it had been privately put about that Cranley Chase was likely to be in the market, and so far, somewhat to Mr. Writson's dismay, they had not even had a nibble. The wealthy plutocrat who had made his money in some of our great manufacturing industries, and desired, after the way of his class, to become a large landed proprietor, had not appeared. Mr. Writson was already pondering somewhat sadly on whether it would not be neces-

sary to break the Rockingham property up and dispose of it in lots. Mr. Writson was solicitor to a large proportion of the country gentlemen round about York, and had much reverence for their stately homes. The lawyer was a staunch Conservative, and deplored the downfall of an old county family as an antiquarian might the destruction of Roman remains. He had never been Alister Rockingham's man of business, but was unfeignedly sorry for the obliteration of the family from the roll of landed gentry of the County of York, and the saving of that seemed hopeless.

CHAPTER XXVI.

"I AM PERFECTLY SERIOUS"

MISS ROCKINGHAM, still much disturbed in her mind as to what had become of her brother, would have been no little astonished could she have looked into that sitting-room in Coney Street which was the scene of her skirmish with Dollie Greyson. That young lady was seated on the sofa, and in very close proximity to her was the missing Gerald.

"I am so pleased to see you again," said the girl; "and how well you have done, Gerald dear, during the short time you've been at it. Why, you're quite one of the cracks."

"Yes," he replied; "I get lots of riding now, and am already beginning to make money hand over hand. Getting a retainer from Sir Marmaduke in the first instance, and then Blackton's accident, were two rare turns for me. You saw, Dollie, I got all the first mounts from Pipes' stable, and, what's more, made no mess of them either."

"I should think not. Why, the papers all said that it was your riding got Pibroch home a winner in the Stewards' Cup."

"Yes; Sir Marmaduke and his friends were all very complimentary, and substantially so, too, Dollie. That race was worth five hundred pounds to me. I have got money in the bank now, and hope to put by a good bit if I don't get too heavy. When did you leave Riddleton, and how did you leave them all?"

"I have been here about a week. They are all well, and take the greatest interest in your career. Joe Butters has a growing idea that he taught you to ride, and I heard father say to him the other day 'He'd a rougher schoolmaster than you, Joe; the Dancer, as they call him in the stable, made Jim Forrest.'"

"So he did. How is the queer-tempered brute, Dollie? He was backed for a deal of money for the Leger at Goodwood. I should like to be up on him at Doncaster, and see if he'd try with me once more."

"Ah, they won't let you ride for Riddleton again. Mr. Elliston and Mr. Pearson won't have it, and I don't think father quite wants you about the place, Gerald," replied the girl, shyly.

"But your father has no cause to be angry with me."

"No; but remember he does not know who you are, and dear father thinks I'm too good for any one almost. He watches your riding with great interest, and saw you win at Goodwood. He said when he came back, 'It was that Jim Forrest who was here bowled us over, and Mr. Elliston is a fool to bar his riding for Riddleton.'"

"Well, I shall go over and see him. We were very good friends when we met at Goodwood."

"Oh, yes, he would be glad to see you, and mother too. It's different from what it was when you were with us. Now you're a swell, you know. But what are you going to do? You will go and see your mother and sister, I suppose?"

"Yes. Fancy Ellen coming to see you, as you told me in your letter! How did you get on?"

"Well, not particularly well. She wanted to patronise me, and I didn't like that, and then, Gerald, she derided the idea of there being anything serious between us, and I liked that still less."

"But how did she come to know anything about it? Did you tell her?"

"She saw your ring on my finger, and I don't quite know how it was led up to, but she guessed you gave it me, and quite lectured me for being fool enough to believe that a Rockingham could intend to do more than amuse himself with a girl like me."

"Ellen's too bad, by Jove!" said Gerald, starting to his feet, and pacing the room in his annoyance. "She always was as proud as Lucifer, and now she ignores the fact that we are ruined. She secluded herself so latterly that she is quite ignorant of the way things are changing, and that the old families have to make way for the new. Upon my word I think she believes one can live on one's genealogy. However, she shall know that my intentions are serious enough, as far as you are concerned, before the day's over."

"What will your mother say to it?"

"She won't like it, I dare say, at first, more especially as she won't know that but for you I should be sore puzzled to even earn my daily bread. I don't know what else I could have turned my hand to; but I don't intend to tell her as yet what I am doing. When she knows she'll have to admit that a jockey, even if he is a Rockingham, is very suitably mated with Dollie Greyson, and a lucky fellow to have won her to boot."

"I do hope she will let me love her, Gerald, and that we shall get on together."

"No doubt of that. Ellen is different. There will be more trouble to reconcile her to our marriage, but she will come round when she knows that I am Jim Forrest, the jockey."

"You know best, Gerald, but would it not be wise to tell them that at once? It is sure to come to their ears before long."

"No; and I'll tell you why. They both think there is a hope of saving Cranley—I mean just the house and so on—they know the bulk of the property must go, but hope that will be left to us. I can't tell for certain till I've seen Writson, but don't suppose there's a chance myself. However, the knowledge that Cranley is irretrievably gone will make them understand that we must accept a lower position in the world."

"It will be a terrible blow for them to know that the old house and lands have passed away from the Rockinghams," murmured the girl, softly; "but I fear, Gerald, they will be more hurt at the calling you have adopted. I am almost sorry now I suggested it to you."

"Nonsense, Dollie. I don't know what I should have done if you hadn't. I should probably by this have been earning a wretched salary as a clerk: work I should have hated. My present work is healthy, exciting, and well paid; indeed I am rapidly making money, and I know nothing else at which I could have begun to do that so speedily. A big race taxes all one's resources of nerve, eye, head, and hand. It calls for resolution and ready decision, and the excitement of a close finish is thrilling. A popular actor obtains no prompter recognition than a popular jockey in his hour of triumph. The great thing is not to lose your head. It made my pulses tingle the other day to hear the roar of 'Pibroch wins!' 'Phaeton wins!' and know what a very fine point it was between us."

"Gerald, I must see you ride. I should so love to see you win a great race."

"All in good time. I must say good-bye to you now, darling, as I must have a talk with Writson, and then go and see my mother and Ellen, and next time you meet the latter she won't, at all events, tell you that my love-making all means nothing."

"But shall I see you again before you go?"

"Not unless I see you at Riddleton. I want to go over there and have a palaver with your father. I want to know how the Dancer is, and who's going to ride him for the Leger. He treats me very differently now, Dollie, and may tell me. How he would jump down a *stable boy's* throat who presumed to ask him such a

question! I backed him for a little money at Goodwood for 'auld lang syne.' Once more good-bye, I must get back to Newmarket as soon as I have finished my business in Yorkshire," and, having snatched a kiss from Dollie's unresisting lips, Gerald took his departure, and made his way to Mr. Writson's.

The lawyer was unfeignedly glad to see him, although he had no very pleasant intelligence to impart, but he wanted authority for what he proposed doing. He told his client point-blank that any attempt to save Cranley would be useless.

"It will be that most miserable of all things—an attempt to live in a big house, Mr. Rockingham, on a very small income. Better let it go, hard as it must be for you to part with it. You will, of course, improve the income by its sale, and be spared a painful struggle, for I am sure it would pain you if Cranley were not kept up as you have always seen it done."

"Yes, better it should go than that," replied Gerald. "The gardens neglected, and the stables well-nigh empty, would be sadder for us all than the loss of it. Besides, the first wrench is over. My mother *has* moved."

"There is one thing I fear you will be sorry to hear, that this is an open secret that the place will be in the market shortly. I have had no inquiries about it, and we may possibly have to break up the estate into lots, and dispose of it that way."

"I don't know that that makes much difference," replied Gerald, sadly, "more publicity given that way, of course, but every one knows we are broke, so what does it matter?"

Mr. Writson was more sincerely sorry for his client than any gentleman of his profession has any business to be.

"I have one other thing," he said at last, "to take your instructions about, Mr. Rockingham," and then he told Gerald the story of the bills, and how there could be no doubt that Cuthbert Elliston had owed the late Squire over six thousand pounds at the time of his death, which was still, of course, due to the estate, and Mr. Writson proceeded to recount what steps he had taken to recover it, and in what wise they had been met.

Gerald's young face grew dark as he listened, and for some little time after the lawyer had finished he remained wrapt in thought.

"Neither myself nor my mother ever liked or trusted Cuthbert Elliston. She always declared that he was a constant borrower and evil adviser, and that my father would have been a much richer man if he'd never seen him. Me he hated from a child. I, of course, came between him and the property. My birth extinguished his chance of ever coming into Cranley. I am not at all disposed to let Elliston off that money if it is possible to make him pay it."

"If you leave it to me I think we shall at all events get some of it, and you almost owe it to your mother and sister to try."

"All right, do as you think best. And now, I think, there's nothing more."

"No. Just give me your address, Mr. Rockingham, in case I want to write to you."

"I cannot do that as yet, but you will hear from me in a few weeks, perhaps see me again. Good-bye."

"Now what can be his objection to giving his address?" mused Mr. Writson. "Not a word either did he drop as to what he was doing. Pearson is evidently posted on both these points, and yet he keeps me, his solicitor, in ignorance. It's foolish. He's young, or he'd know the old axiom. 'No secrets from your lawyer and doctor,' is an excellent adage. Well, well, it's hard, poor boy, at his age, that he should have necessity to confide in either."

Gerald strode mournfully towards his mother's lodgings in St. Leonard's Place. He was by no means dissatisfied with his own personal prospects. He had dropped all rubbish about its being below his dignity. He had to earn his own living, and make money to boot, if possible. That which came easiest to his purpose he had done, and was no whit ashamed of it. But he had now to break the fact, not only that Cranley Chase was gone from them for ever to his mother and sister, but that it was his fixed determination to marry Dollie Greyson, the trainer's daughter; two things that were likely to be bitter news in St. Leonard's Place. Especially would his sister Ellen resent what she would deem a terrible *mésalliance*. All this, and his resolute determination not to disclose his present vocation or address, would, he knew, make the interview painful.

His mother uttered a cry of delight as he entered the room. Not only, poor lady, was she honestly much pleased to see her son, but she further hoped that he was the herald of good tidings. She bore a brave front to the world and faced her altered fortunes with all the patient courage high-bred women usually display in such troubles, but there was under it all hope that enough might be saved from the wreck to enable her to end her days at Cranley.

Ellen had no such delusion, and saw clearly enough that to live at Cranley with an income quite insufficient to keep the place up would be infinitely more painful than their present position, to which she had tolerably reconciled herself. Although very pleased to see her brother, she greeted him with considerably less effusion than her mother. She had not forgiven his unaccountable silence, and, moreover, although she derided the idea of there being anything serious in it, she was aware that he was carrying on a desperate flirtation with Dollie Greyson. Miss Rockingham, with her rather rigid principles, thought that not only bad style, but that it was decidedly wrong of Gerald to turn the girl's head in this fashion.

"Well, mother, I've seen Mr. Writson this morning, and it is quite decided. I know you will feel it, but the old house must go. Even if we could keep it, we couldn't live in it, and wouldn't you rather it went from us altogether than merely went to rack and ruin in our hands?"

"You know best, Gerald. I should have dearly loved to finish my days where I have passed so many happy years; but if it must be so, it is useless my saying any more. If I grieve over it you and Ellen, at least, shall not see it. But, my dear boy, why have we not heard from you for so long, and what are you doing?"

"Mother, you must rest content when I tell you that I am earning my own living honestly, and doing well. I am even putting by money, but I will not tell you how as yet."

Ellen stared in undisguised astonishment at her brother.

"You making money, Gerald! My dear brother, can it be really true? I am glad, very glad, for your own sake, and must confess to the greatest curiosity as to how you do it."

"It was unkind to keep such good news to yourself," exclaimed Mrs. Rockingham. "I have been so anxious about you."

"I had urgent reasons for not writing"—he could not well despatch letters from Riddleton—"but they are now in a great measure removed, and you will hear from me occasionally as well as see me. Before long I shall be able to explain everything, and you will find I have done nothing I need be ashamed of. One thing more, mother dearest, I'm going to be married!"

"Married, Gerald! At your age, and in your circumstances! It's madness!"

"Well, I ought not to have said that exactly, because I'm not going to be married just yet; but I am engaged to a Miss Greyson."

"Gerald! Gerald! Don't say that, for heaven's sake!" exclaimed his sister. "She's the niece of the haberdasher in Coney Street, mother."

"Never mind who she is. She's a very pretty, good girl, and has been brought up a lady, as Ellen there can testify, and I'm pledged to make her my wife. I know, mother, you won't relish the idea at first, but it is not going to take place at present, and in the mean time I want you to know Dollie."

"Gerald, I am afraid," returned Mrs. Rockingham, "that you

are meditating a very foolish thing. If we have lost our house and lands, remember we are still Rockinghams."

"Ah, mother dear, there's a new order of things rapidly approaching, and Rockinghams and other people of the same type will find they are of little account in the days that are coming, unless they command either money or brains."

"Do you mean to say, Gerald, birth and blood are to be of no consideration in future?"

"Birth and blood will count for little, my sister. What you can do will be held in higher reverence than how you were born, very surely, indeed, I might say is already. And now, dearest mother, I must say good-bye. My very brief holiday is over, and I must go again to my work, but you will hear from me before long."

"Oh, Gerald, this is a miserably short visit, and I had so much to say to you," murmured Mrs. Rockingham, as she embraced him tenderly.

"Work is work, mother, and must be seen to. There's no money to be made unless one sticks to it. Good-bye, Ellen."

But the girl was too anxious to part with him in that fashion. She accompanied him downstairs.

"It is not betting that you're making your money at?" she said in a nervous whisper, as she clung tightly to him at the door.

"No, no, darling. It is no chance work of that description. I must earn what I make. Set your mind at rest on that point."

"And you don't really mean to marry Miss Greyson, do you, Gerald?"

"Most undoubtedly," he returned, brusquely. "I am perfectly sure. Good-bye."

(To be continued)



"THE REPORT OF THE ROYAL COLONIAL INSTITUTE" (Sampson Low and Co.) is always brimful of interest. Mr. Wilfrid Powell on "New Guinea and the Western Pacific" and Mr. Murray Smith on "The Australasian Dominion" will doubtless attract the largest number of readers; but if, as Consul Palgrave used to say, the negro, with his exuberant vitality, is the man of the future, Mr. Greswell on "The Education of the South African Tribes" has a claim on our attention, while Mr. Mosse on "Irrigation in Ceylon—Ancient and Modern" shows that we have a great deal to do to bring that island back to the state in which Knox found it just about two centuries ago. No doubt the great works of the Kandyan kings were kept up by forced labour, but such labour is no more "slavery" than is the labour of the farmer on his share of the parish road; and to have abolished this labour was one of our mistakes. The "Old Trader" writing in the *Pall Mall* about a very different kind of forced labour, makes us wish the Institute would, among those prize essays which are such a valuable addition to its programme, give "black-birding" as one of its subjects. The third of these prizes was last year carried off by a pupil of the Birmingham Central High School for Girls; and two pupils of Whitelands Training College for Schoolmistresses obtained certificates of merit. If national school teachers take to competing for these essays, our labouring classes will be less at the mercy of emigration agents.

After the Institute's Report, Mr. Sheffield's "Story of the Settlement" (Sheffield, Grahamstown) follows quite naturally. More than once, in reading him, the thought crossed our mind, "What would the Kafirs have said had they (like the lion in the fable) been the painters?" The record of progress would be just as complete if we had been spared a good deal of hard language about Kafir sympathisers and "irreclaimable, barbarous, and perpetual enemies." There is not much glory in shooting down Kafirs; but it is certainly better to shoot them down ourselves than to promise them peace and alliance, and then stand by like cowards while the Boers shoot them down. Therefore, Mr. Sheffield's account of Colonel Graham and his victories is rather to be commended to our ingenious youth than the story of Majuba Hill and what has followed. One episode we should wish expunged, before his summary of early Cape history and his account of the settlers of 1820 (of whom he gives a list) is used as a schoolbook—the behaviour of "Young Grahamstown" during the Kafir War of 1851. The attack of "Bully" Futter, the auctioneer, and his mob on the Rev. Mr. Renton was infamous; and the Hottentots whose huts and property were burned were at worst simply doing what Birmingham manufacturers do unreprieved as often as there is a war.

As Mr. G. Neville says, the subject of "Farms and Farming" (Longmans) is pretty well threshed out. Still, as his other remark is equally true: that no country can be in a healthy state which gets its food from abroad while its own land is lying unproductive, any help towards better mastering the science of profitable tillage is valuable. As to the capital required, he lays down the rule that whereas a landowner ought to try and farm his land with the least possible capital (having to borrow the money), the tenant ought to farm with his money the least possible quantity of land. In dealing with manures he gives the results of the experiments of Lawes and Gilbert, Voelcker, and Vile, and follows them up with a useful chapter on "Manures Practically Considered." His chapter on farm-houses is what might be looked for from the author of "Horses and Riding." Cart horses, he is sure, ought to have a sloping shoulder. The book is full of practical hints, and contains good plans for farm-buildings, &c.

"The Local Examination History" (Heywood, Manchester) is an excellent preparation for an ordeal now, we suppose, become inevitable. The peculiar features of Dr. Pringle's work are that he fixes the attention on the pivot-events in our history, pays more attention than is generally paid to remarkable persons in each reign, and gives unusual detail those genealogical tables which in some handbooks are altogether omitted. Believing that senior boys and girls should know something about the present day, he enlarges on the reign of Queen Victoria. His long experience and uniform success as a history teacher warrant him in expecting that his book will meet the wants both of teachers and learners. We have found a good deal in it which we have looked for in vain in larger manuals.

Mr. George gets it on all hands. The Duke of Argyll sits on him in the *Nineteenth Century* till he must feel as flat as a pancake, and in the *Progress* endorses the dual strictures and intensifies them. And now Mr. Akin Karoly (what relation to the famous Count?) attacks him for wanting to annihilate rent while not attacking capital. Such is the Nemesis of popularity. Of course the eminent American is obviously inconsistent, and the author of "The Dilemmas of Labour and Education" (Sonnenschein) has him on the hip when he asks "If freedom of contract is to reign supreme, why not in the hire of land as well as in the hire of labour?" and again, "If the property be sacred when vulgarly called capital, why not under the ancient name of land?" Thus far we go heartily with Mr. Karoly, but we hope he is wrong in his depressing view of the labour question. No doubt it is a sad feature of modern times that, whereas formerly nearly every journeyman became master, now the operative is tied down by almost a caste rule. We lay the fault on over-

population, and console ourselves by saying that if the Middle Ages had their trade guilds they had also their Black Death; but this is poor comfort. It is still sadder to learn that "to spread education among working men only renders their condition more painful." Happily, "the intellectual, as a rule, are not reproductive," so that evil cures itself.

We do not care a bit for "Thought-reading" (Field and Tuer), but those who do may learn something from Mr. D. Blackburn's explanation of modern mysteries and psychological puzzles. He tells you how to mesmerise, and how, by exerting your will, to make a person turn round who has his back to you. This experiment he wisely recommends you to try first on animals. No doubt he is right about Valentine Greatrakes and "stroking" and "touching," but he leaves unanswered the natural question why those modern Rosicrucians, "the adepts," whose praises Mr. Sinnett sings in "The Occult World," are content with the hard fare and stern climate of Tibet, when they might be actually—as it is claimed that they are virtually—masters of the world. Mr. Blackburn believes that the facts (?) gathered by the Psychical Research Society are most valuable.

Schumann's Life—"The Great Musicians" (Sampson Low)—is so wholly uneventful that Mr. Fuller-Maitland has done well to follow the example of Wasielewski and other biographers, and to devote himself mainly to analysing, and in some cases energetically defending, the great composer's pieces. Nothing in Schumann's career is stranger than the English revulsion of feeling respecting him. At first the critics were all against him, and even those who, like Sterndale Bennett, became, after his death, his ardent admirers, gave him but a cold reception. The musical papers, writing in the interest of Mendelsohn, of whom Schumann had always spoken in terms of the highest praise, were actually abusive. It is a sad life, brightened by the steady affection of the lady who, in her widowhood, has laboured to increase her husband's fame. Mr. Maitland is not yet free to tell all about the closing period which ended in that fatal plunge into the Rhine; but he writes in full sympathy, both with the author and his peculiar merits.

Of Dr. Stormonth's "Dictionary of the English Language—Part XI." (Blackwood) we need only repeat what we have often said. It is excellent as far it goes. Quotations do not enter into the author's plan.

"The Crown of a Good Name" is the fitting title of "a brief account of the doings, proceedings, and compositions" (including a telegram from the Queen and a letter from the Duke of Edinburgh) on Sir Moses Montefiore's hundredth birthday. If any man ever deserved well of his race it is this oldest and in every way most remarkable of English Jews.

Mr. E. Hodder's "Simon Peter; his Life, Times, and Friends" (Cassell's), is a useful book for family reading or wet Sundays. The author does not aim at high scholarship, and accepts the exploded interpretation: "Thou art Peter (*petrus*), and upon this Rock (*petra*, i.e., Myself) I will build My Church;" but here and there a point is made, as when Dr. Stroud's remarks, on the danger which Peter ran in going in among High Priest's servants, are used as the groundwork of several telling sentences. The account of the miracle of the loaves and fishes is also very vivid. The book excellently fulfils its purpose.

One of the most compact manuals for the amateur photographer is the "A B C of Modern Dry Plate Photography" (London Stereoscopic Company). It is written in a clear and lucid style, and with the special purpose of teaching the beginner the rudiments of the art. The various stages of the dry plate process are so methodically explained, and the directions for each are so concise, that that after reading them a person of ordinary intelligence can scarcely fail to obtain a good grasp of the subject—at all events, quite sufficient to enable him to take a fair photograph without further instruction. This achieved, experience will do the rest.



MESSRS. WEEKES AND CO.—A sweet little poem, by Charles Kingsley, "I Cannot Tell What Ye Say, Green Leaves," has been prettily set to music by K. V. Feere, for a mezzo-soprano.—"Loving," words and music by Benham Blaxland, is of an ordinary type, and will add nothing to the reputation of its composer.—"Postlude for the Organ," by George Gardner, Mus. Bac., and "Elegy" (H.R.H. the Duke of Albany), also for the organ, by Walter H. Sangster, Mus. Doc. Oxon., will prove welcome additions to the organist's repertory.—Nos. 9, 10, and 11 of "Favourite Melodies for Violin and Piano," arranged by Frederick Weekes, are respectively "Cavatina," J. Raff; "My Heart Ever Faithful," S. Bach; and "La Tarentella," by Cotsford Dick. This series fully keeps up its interest.—"Les Papillons," a polka *brillante*, and "La Marguerite," a polka mazurka, by Diomiro Pozzessi, are showy and not difficult pieces for the pianoforte, suitable for after-dinner performance; the same may be said of "Chanson Anglaise" and "Gavotte Fantaisie," by G. Vincent, "Minuet Caprice," by E. Verano, and "Occasional March," by Mary Travers.

MESSRS. PLAYFAIR AND CO.—Three meritorious songs, music by Alfred Physick, are respectively, "A Few White Flowers," the pathetic words by Mary M. Lemon; "What Have I Done?" words by "Norah"; and "London Bridge is Broken Down," words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone. The two latter songs are of a lively type, appropriate for a musical reading.—As its title would suggest, "Love's Appeal," written and composed by G. W. Southey and Theo Bonheur, is a tender address from a swain to the object of his adoration.—"The Child's Way to Heaven" is a sweet but sad poem, by an unknown authoress, set to appropriate music for a contralto by William Carter.—One of the prettiest waltzes of the season is "The Italian Flower Girl," adapted by Alfred Physick from his charming song which bears that name; it deserves to take a foremost place in the ranks of dance music.—We cannot say the same of "The Sunbeam Polka," by the same composer, the best part of which is the portrait of Lady Brassey's yacht, after which it is named, on the frontispiece.

MESSRS. W. MORLEY AND CO.—A brace of songs, music by Ciro Pinsuti, words by H. L. D'Arcy Jaxone, are "Patience Rewarded," of a cheerful type; and "Till the Breaking of the Day," which is of a more pathetic character.—A song which will make its way to the front and win universal favour is "Dolly's Revenge," a piquante little ditty by "Nemo" and Henry Pontet.—"Only a Story" is a prosy little love tale, words by G. C. Bingham, music by W. Hamilton Evans, which will find favour with victims to the tender passion.—A song with a martial ring in both words and music is "The Conquerors," written and composed by G. W. Southey and Theo Bonheur.

MISCELLANEOUS.—One of the most remarkable publications of the day, noteworthy for its excellence, and also for the price at which it is issued, is Mr. Alfred H. Miles's "Popular Music Series." Published in parts, we have "Thirty-Three Sacred Songs from Handel's Oratorios," including all the acknowledged favourites, and some not so well known.—"Eighteen Standard Duets, Trios, &c.," all old and tried friends which will make the eyes of the old folks sparkle as they talk of the days of their youth when they warbled together Bishop's

"My Pretty Page," or "Chough and Crow," or Horn's "I Know a Bank," or King's "Minute Gun At Sea," and many other compositions of long ago which never have and never will be surpassed in their special school. The same may be said of "Thirty-six English Ballads and Songs," and of "Fifty Humorous Songs, Rounds, Catches, &c." The only fault we have to find with the last-named number is the countenance on the frontispiece, which is only fit for a dentist to advertise his false teeth with. The four numbers are also to be had, elegantly bound together in blue cloth, and will form a very useful Christmas-box from whence any singer would find something to suit his or her voice and fancy (Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.).—Light and airy, as its name would portend, is "Morning Zephyr Waltz," by Catherine Heaton, a rising composer of dance music (Joseph Williams).

THE CAPTAIN'S CHAIR

CAPTAIN DOUCE, of the Peninsular and Oriental Company's steamship *Elephanta*, was an admirable sailor, but one of the shyest and most reserved of men. He had saved several lives by jumping over the side into heavy seas, and he had often encountered typhoons in the China and cyclones in the Indian Seas with a coolness that commanded the confidence of his passengers and crew. Nevertheless, he was bashful in the presence of the former, though a strict disciplinarian with the latter. Passengers put him out. He used to flee from them to the safe refuge of his "bridge," and he sought that peace of mind which he could not obtain at the head of the dinner-table in the steering-room, and among the congenial surroundings of chronometers and compasses. Notwithstanding, Captain Douce prided himself upon his politeness. And certainly, if blushing, scraping, and bowing are all that is needed to make a fine gentleman, our Captain was a very Chesterfield indeed.

The *Elephanta* was homeward bound from Bombay with a full cargo, all the mails, and over a hundred passengers. She was a splendid ship of 4,000 tons, superbly fitted, but, like all P. and O. ships, she had one great defect in the way of comfort—the passengers had to provide their own deck chairs, or go without any. Only the hardest and most uncompromising wooden benches were provided by the Company, and a bench on board ship is not an agreeable seat for two reasons; first, because it is uncomfortable to sit upon, and secondly, because, being big enough for two or three, one never sits down without one or more persons—generally, according to Carlyle's dictum, "fools"—sitting down also, and making conversation. Comfortable lounge chairs, then, of the China bamboo or the Indian "long arm" patterns were in great demand; but as only one half of the passengers had brought chairs, it followed that the other half went without, or became predatory animals, and stole them. Ladies are very immoral in a situation of the kind. They will appropriate any man's chair, and it remains for the man to turn them out—if he can. In vain, on this occasion, did the lords of the creation assert their rights to property by affixing their names, initials, and devices such as "Trespassers will be prosecuted," to their seats. Women's rights were, as usual, stronger, and so the battle of the chairs raged furiously. Among the unseated was a charming girl, the *belle*, it was pretty generally admitted, of the ship,—a girl with large grey eyes and arched eyebrows, a pretty little nose, slightly cocked at the tip, kissable lips, an arched instep, and a bewitching figure—what more would you? as the French say. "All sailors are gallant," and our Captain was struck by the grace of this pretty girl directly she came on board at Bombay. He resolved to give his politeness play. He took a nice basket chair, which he considered to be his own property, but which was in reality a waif forgotten by some passenger of the past, and claimed by every ship's officer as his own, and shoving it before him on the wide polished quarter-deck, approached the young lady.

"You don't seem to have a chair, miss," said the skipper, blushing like a schoolgirl, "please take mine."

"Oh, thank you so much—if I am not robbing you."

"Not at all; not at all," rejoined the Captain hastily. "Just think it your own for the rest of the voyage.—Now then, look alive there, will you?" he roared at a quartermaster, not because there was any need to hurry the man, but to afford himself a graceful mode of retreat from the embarrassment of grey eyes, smiles, and pretty speeches. This was always the way with poor Captain Douce. In the solitude of his "bridge" he longed to be playing a brilliant conversational part among his fair passengers on the quarter-deck; but when he screwed up his courage and went there he had nothing to say.

The girl with the grey eyes meanwhile settled herself comfortably in the basket chair. It was a delicious chair, and a perfect fit. There was no other chair in the ship like it—a perfect paragon of a chair. And she said to herself that it was so fortunate, as she had forgotten to buy a chair at Bombay, and then how kind the Captain was, though it was a pity he should blush so, and have such red hands. Her reflections on this head, however, were soon distracted by the vision of a dame *en grande tenue*, pompously parading the deck.

Womanlike, Grey Eyes took stock of the lady's dress first and of the lady last. Her dress was very rich, and of vivid colours, yellow and green. She was stout, and breathed heavily, like one who drinks beer in India, and lies the best part of the day in bed under a punkah. She carried a fan and a pocket-handkerchief, and used both freely—for her face. Later, Grey Eyes came to know that this was the great Mrs. Crozier, wife of the Scavenger-General of Bengal, and a lady of repute from Chowringhee to Colombo. She was inquiring in a loud, consequential voice for the Captain, to make some complaint or other to him, but the Captain had fled. He was hidden in his chart-room, into which no one was admitted on any pretence whatever. But he thought remorsefully that his agents had strongly commended this stout lady to his kind care as a very influential personage, worthy of the highest consideration.

Next day, when the ship was fairly at sea, the Captain encountered Mrs. Crozier on a bench. She was manifestly uneasy, as well she might be, seeing that she rarely came in contact with anything harder than a cotton-stuffed mattress. She at once began to complain of the stewards, of the stewardess, the cabins, and the baths, for Mrs. Crozier found grumbling a very successful art in India, and complaining a method of running her husband up the official ladder. The good Captain was distressed. Complaints from a lady were even more embarrassing than thanks. A basket chair was close by—his own. He seized it, and offered it to the lady.

"Allow me to give you a chair, ma'am," he said. "Your complaints shall be attended to."

Mrs. Crozier, mollified, sank into the chair, but not without difficulty. The willow work groaned and creaked, but had to give way. She congratulated herself on the success of her policy of complaining, while the Captain rushed off, ostensibly in some great hurry.

"He gave me this chair," murmured Mrs. Crozier as he went. "Very attentive indeed. I shall write favourably of him to the Scavenger-General." In Mrs. Crozier's estimation the Scavenger-General—whose business was of a sanitary character—was second only to the Governor-General himself. Presently up comes Grey Eyes from the saloon, and attended by several followers, one carrying a rug, another a novel, a third a work-basket, and so on.

"Please find my chair—the Captain's," she said, and forthwith they all went off to obey her behest. Mrs. Crozier raised her eyebrows.



GENTLEMAN OF THE TIME OF EDWARD IV.,
FROM THE COTTON MSS.



TOWN DRESS OF THE TIME OF GEORGE II.,
AFTER HOGARTH



A BEGGAR-WOMAN OF THE TIME OF EDWARD
IV., FROM THE "ROMAN DE LA ROSE" IN
THE BRITISH MUSEUM



THE PRINCE REGENT, FROM ACKERMAN'S
"REPOSITORY OF ARTS"



GENTLEMAN OF THE TIME OF RICHARD II.,
FROM THE HARLEIAN MS.



LADY, 13TH CENTURY, FROM A MS. OF THE
APOCALYPSE, PARIS LIBRARY



A LADY OF THE COMMONWEALTH, FROM A
RARE PRINT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM



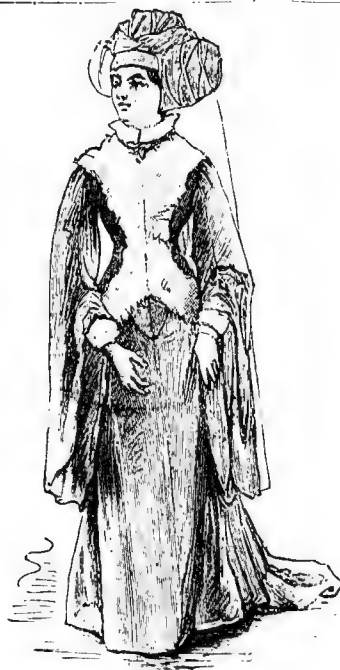
A LADY OF THE REIGN OF EDWARD IV.



LADY OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II., FROM
A PRINT PUBLISHED IN 1717



LADY BACON, TIME OF QUEEN ELIZABETH



LADY OF THE REIGN OF RICHARD II., FROM
A TOMB AT ASHELTHORPE, NORFOLK



FIGURE FROM A PAINTED SCREEN, TIME OF
QUEEN ANNE



IN A SCULPTOR'S STUDIO—MODELLING AN EQUESTRIAN STATUE

"The Captain's chair, indeed!" she said to herself. "Don't you wish you may get it, Miss?" But here Grey Eyes perceived the missing chair, and in whose occupation it was, and modestly addressed Mrs. Crozier.

"May I trouble you for my chair, please? Sorry to inconvenience you."

"Your chair! This is the Captain's chair."

"True, but the Captain gave it to me."

"Impossible! He gave it to me this morning."

"He gave it to me yesterday."

"The chair is mine, I tell you."

"And I tell you it is mine."

Mrs. Crozier rose in excessive indignation to seek the Captain himself, but the chair rose too. In fact it was attached to her, and those standing near began to snigger and to cough behind their hands. The first officer, who was passing, disengaged the "Begum," as they began to call her, from the chair, which was a very tight fit for so great a lady. On his way forward he met the Captain.

"There's hell in a ring-fence down there," he observed.

"How so?" asked the skipper.

"The women are tearing their eyes out over your chair. Seems you gave it to more than one of 'em."

"So I did!" exclaimed the unfortunate Captain, striking his forehead in great perplexity. "I quite forgot. What's to be done now?"

"Give it to some one else," replied the mate, gruffly. He was a man of few words. Moreover, he regarded the chair as the ship's chair, not the Captain's. The skipper retired to the chart-room to ponder over this advice. He did not come to dinner that day. He feared the ladies. He had dinner in the chart-room, and he slunk out when they were all safe below. On the quarter-deck he met the Bishop of Bhopal, who suffered much from sea-sickness, and even then had his episcopal head over the side. Our worthy Captain had a great respect for the cloth. "Take a chair, my lord," said he, never looking to see whose chair it was. As it happened it was his own. The good Bishop fell into it like a sack of potatoes. "A-a-a-h," said he, with a groan.

"Don't get up out of it till we get out of this sou'-west monsoon," said the Captain, kindly. "Keep quiet, my lord, and you'll soon be better." So saying he passed on.

The grey-eyed girl and Mrs. Crozier were meanwhile impatiently awaiting the end of dinner. Each one felt that it behoved her to be first up on deck to appropriate the Captain's chair. They were out of the saloon and up on deck almost together, but they both recoiled in amazement to see the Bishop in his apron and gaiters peacefully seated in the chair. The yellows of his lordship's eyes were turned piteously to the skies, and he looked very bad indeed.

The two ladies perceived that for the present their claims must be postponed. They interchanged glances of indignation and contempt, and separated. Grey Eyes soon found a chair, for she had many male admirers, but Mrs. Crozier had to content herself with a bench. In effect, those who regarded their chairs, knowing that the Begum was a welter-weight, were chary of offering things so fragile for her acceptance. Presently the ship gave a great roll, and the Bishop and the chair were precipitated into the scuppers. The chair came back again with the return roll, but the Bishop clung desperately to a ringbolt.

Then it was that Mrs. Crozier evinced that masterly activity at sea which had done her so much service on land. She clutched the chair, and promptly sat down in it.

"Mine," she exclaimed, that all might hear.

When the Bishop picked himself out of the scuppers he was dismayed to see his chair occupied, and by a lady.

"An agnostic," he murmured, as he staggered to and fro, and was at his wits' end. They helped him down below, but Mrs. Crozier sat as inflexible-looking as the Sphinx.

"You've been and done it again," grumbled the first officer to the Captain on the bridge. "Gone and broken the Bishop's neck with that 'ere blessed chair o' yours."

"Mercy upon us! You don't say so," exclaimed the poor Captain.

"There they are carrying him down below," rejoined the mate gruffly. He turned to the compass with the air of one who had washed his hands of a bloody business. The Captain immediately buried himself in the chart room. The Bishop of Bhopal had likewise been commended to his care. The Bishop, however, resolved to assert himself, when he was safely packed in his berth, and could not tumble out. He reflected that there might be fine weather soon, and that a chair would add much to his enjoyment of the same. Consequently he sent his steward up with the Bishop of Bhopal's compliments to the stout lady to say that he wanted his chair.

Mrs. Crozier stared at the messenger in amazement.

"This is not the Bishop's chair," she retorted sharply. "It is mine. Mine, do you hear—stupid?"

The steward was nettled.

"There's no other fat lady on deck but yourself," said he, sulkily.

"And the Bishop said it was the chair the fat lady was in."

"I'll report you to the Captain for your impudence," cried Mrs. Crozier.

Grey Eyes and her followers began to laugh. They heard it all.

The steward went down to the Bishop, while Mrs. Crozier fanned and nipped her face with alternate hands.

"Well, where's the chair?" asked the Bishop in his berth.

"She only gave you an evasive answer," retorted the steward, who was very wrath at being called "stupid."

"What was that?" asked his lordship surprised, and raising himself on his elbow.

"She said you might go and be d—d," rejoined the steward, stooping to pick up the Bishop's shoes.

The Bishop sank back on his bed speechless. He suspected the woman from the first, but this was even worse than he expected. He would write a note to the Captain—and he did.

When the unlucky skipper learnt from this letter that a lady had appropriated the Bishop's chair, and not only that, but had used shocking language towards his lordship, he lost all patience, and early desired the messenger to throw the confounded chair overboard.

The shadow of a smile passed over the steward's saturnine countenance, and without waiting to hear any more he departed. A minute or two afterwards the lady of the Scavenger-General of Bengal was outraged by being rudely shaken in her chair, and desired to "Get up out of that!" She rose greatly ruffled, while Grey Eyes and her party looked on maliciously.

"What impertinence is this?" she cried.

"By the Captain's orders," retorted the steward. So saying, he pitched the chair into the sea.

The reader must be left to picture to himself the anger, the astonishment, the misunderstandings, the mirth, that rose out of this unlucky business. It was not until they reached Aden that the Captain was himself again. It was not until they were quarantined at Suez that the Bishop was convinced that Mrs. Crozier was not in the habit of using gross language. It was not until they reached Plymouth that Miss Grey Eyes (whose real name need not be mentioned for that reason) had ceased laughing at the "Begum," and it was just as soon as they got to the docks that the impertinent steward was kicked out of the ship by his justly indignant commander.

F. E. W.



"THE RED ROUTE; or, Saving a Nation," by William Sime (3 vols.: W. Swann Sonnenschein and Co.), is the story of an enthusiastic and clever young Irishman who, throwing himself, without thought or knowledge, into the "red route" of rebellion, passes through all its phases up to his own assassination. There is both pathos and humour in Mr. Sime's semi-political novel, which is in all respects a decided advance upon its predecessors. It is written in a somewhat different spirit from most of the Irish novels on either side of the question, being neither all tragedy nor all satire. Mr. Sime can both sympathise with and ridicule, together and at once, the conditions he describes. That he knows a great deal about his subject is certain, and thus has a solid foundation for his more romantic and imaginative passages. All his characters are good portraits and lifelike, especially young O'Brien, his hero, whose very faults go to render him the more likeable, because the more real—such as his naïve impudence, and what may be emphatically called his flights of fancy. There is a good deal of the amiable savage about him altogether, and he is just such a man as would conquer the heart of Beatrice Lynch, the charming and impulsive young widow who has refused every man that ever spoke to her. She is the best-drawn character in the novel, besides being the most attractive, with her hidden enthusiasm and her surface caprices. Her portrait shows a considerable amount of originality. Eileen Conran is a mere romantic and less human heroine; but she also is effective as an idealised peasant of one of the Spanish colonies in the far west of Ireland, and as a foil to the fine lady. The story, though slight enough, contains plenty of incident, it is interesting for other reasons than the subject with which it deals, and is, despite that subject, amusing besides.

The introductory notice to "Antinous," by George Taylor (Professor Hausath), translated from the German by "J. D. M." (1 vol.: Longmans, Green, and Co.), makes us inclined to envy Germany a state of things in which it is possible for a historical novel of the Roman Empire to rush forthwith into four editions amid popular enthusiasm. Matters are certainly different here, where, if an author goes back to the day before yesterday, he does a rash thing, and requires genius to secure him a *succès d'estime*. But the envy changes to astonishment on passing from the preface to the work itself. A public which can go enthusiastic over a work like "Antinous" must be a strange public indeed. The author, a theological professor at the University of Heidelberg, has, apparently with some sort of vague, ethical, philosophical, or æsthetic purpose, taken the by no means delicate story of Hadrian's favourite, and thereof made a bundle of the driest bones. Of course he has attempted as a scholar to reproduce the character of the age, both in detail and in large. But, being nothing whatever of an artist, and having no sense of proportion, he has succeeded only in making an exaggerated travesty, bearing the same relation to a historical novel as a child's first scrawls, in their attempt to be faithful, bear to a historical picture. His characters preach at one another, and reflect upon the Universe in general, to an insufferable extent, and altogether in the manner of the sentimental and transcendental German student who exists largely in caricature, and may possibly have fallen within the actual experiences of a Heidelberg professor. The author's hope that the novel can be found acceptable in England is foredoomed to fail. The book is simply intolerable from every conceivable point of view—as a work of art, as a piece of bad taste, and as a contribution to history. It is apparently written, however, in such a simple and profound belief in its own merit that this may account in some measure for its success in its own country, according to the theory that men and books are taken very much according to self-estimate. In this country, however, the need to be interested comes before all things; and of interest in "Antinous" there is absolutely none.

"Ulrica," by Cecil Clarke (3 vols.: Tinsley Bros.), is the exceedingly sad story of two lovers whom it would have been just as easy for the author to make happy. They are without any interest in themselves, beyond being the victims of dismal experiences; and whether that is a sufficient reason, without any other, for presenting them to the world is a question which we should have thought Cecil Clarke, or anybody else, could have answered in very much less length than that of three volumes. Moreover, the author, like many others, needs to be taught that by a convention, by no means arbitrary, but based on the soundest and most easily explicable principles, the conversation of foreigners with one another in their own language is expressed in an English novel by means of the English language, which thus represents French or German or Italian as the case may be. Foreign idioms and lapses into foreign words or phrases are reserved to represent broken English, when a foreigner ceases to speak his native tongue. This very elementary rule has no existence for Cecil Clarke, who uses French instead of English idioms because the characters are Frenchmen and Frenchwomen. The result is naturally irritating. Another gross fault is the inappropriate exaggeration of those few characters who take more or less humorous rôles. An actress, however much of a Malaprop, would surely be the last person to speak, without meaning a joke, of an "engagement" as a "greengagement"—a lawyer would be as likely to be ignorant of the word "retainer." As for motive, there is none whatever, unless there be some glimmering of a reflection on French marriage law. Story and characters are alike unnatural, and there is no recognisable attempt to make them even seem otherwise. Nevertheless, it would be unfair to describe "Ulrica" as much below the average novel; and want of talent is by no means so obvious as want of thought and study.

CRUISING IN A SMALL BOAT

My idea of almost perfect bliss is a three or four days' cruise with a genial companion in my small 12-foot sailing-boat (rowing I scorn) coasting along the shore, perfectly independent, and never knowing on the morning of any day where I shall pass the night.

I am always anxious that the small size of my small craft should be duly comprehended. I thought that if I talked of it as a 12-foot boat most people would understand that it was 12 feet long by about 3 feet 6 in. wide, but one day, wishing to impress one of my partners at a dance with my powers as a sailor, I told her that I had sailed, with a friend, three times round the Isle of Wight in a 12-foot boat. I think she talked of it as yachting, and asked me if I took a sailor with me, but my wounded pride affects my memory a little. Now, if any one will try to spend a day or two on their own hearthrug, imagining it impossible to move off it, they will have a very good idea how much room I had on board my little craft, and I think they will find that although there is room for two, a third might make it rather embarrassing.

The amount of gear, too, that has to be stowed in such a very small space is alarming. The other day, when I and my friend were starting for a three day's cruise, we had to accommodate the following articles:—Masts and sails, two large sand-bags of ballast, boat cover, provision basket—a heavy item—a gallon jar of water, a small portmanteau, overcoats, a lamp, an umbrella, and a life-belt! All these were absolute necessities, with the exception of the umbrella, which was a luxury, and the life-belt, which was an incubus,

thrust upon us by anxious relatives. These two incongruous companions (which I always dispensed with on future occasions), with the irony of fate, were always conspicuous and always turned up together. The life-belt was particularly tiresome; we could generally find room for everything but this latter article, and whenever we wished to make a triumphal and seamanlike entry into port, the life-belt always turned up at the wrong minute to mar the effect. When we landed for the night, and our little vessel had to be emptied and hauled up, the gear used always to assume gigantic proportions, and the life-belt and umbrella weighed on my mind like a guilty secret. I spent most of my time finessing that they might escape observation, but it was always in vain, and they were carried up in triumph, a smirk on the faces of the bystanders.

On one occasion, in the morning, we found that an obliging coastguard had cleared out the boat, the gear having been neatly replaced, with the exception of the life-belt and umbrella, which were hung up side by side on a wall, in a conspicuous place on the quay. They were neither of them my own property, so abandonment was out of the question.

It is impossible ever to feel slow in so small a boat, as the day passes in having one's meals, and *washing up* after them, and in trying to get the boat into her best trim, otherwise she will not sail quickly to windward. The latter occupation is inexhaustible, as she has to be retrimmed according as the wind freshens or falls, but the brunt of it usually falls, not on the person luxuriously sitting steering in the stern sheets, but to the "crew" who sit on the middle thwart.

Now it is trying, when one has just got as comfortable as circumstances will permit on a board about nine inches wide, to be asked to sit one and a quarter inches more to one side or the other, as the case may be; somehow that one and a quarter inches seems always just to make all the difference between comfort and discomfort. To the "captain," however, this trimming has its advantages. Monday. Always be captain.

For instance, when you are just upon the point of getting worsted in an argument, what better way can there be of getting out of it than by ordering your companion to move $2\frac{3}{4}$ in. to the right?

If then you find he has not forgotten his advantage, and is inclined to return to the attack, you can apologetically say, "Do you know as every minute is of importance to us, in case we should lose the tide, I think she would sail better if you moved back a $\frac{1}{4}$ in.; that $2\frac{3}{4}$ rather overdid it." If the argument is again renewed, you have still a trump card left—Put the boat about! This necessitates your both changing places, and a careful readjustment on the new tack. The discussion is sure either to be dropped altogether, as your victim, through losing his temper, loses his point, and leaves you triumphant.

A long trip in my little boat was quite a new experience to my chum, as his sailing had been chiefly done on a large yacht which belonged to his people, most cautious sailors, well secured under the thumb of an old captain: that he was worthy of the high estimation in which they held him I have not the slightest doubt, as it is not one man in a thousand who could have such perfect knowledge of winds and tides as he had, besides, unlike other people's knowledge, his always appeared to stand him in good stead. If the owner desired to go out, when he wished to enjoy his pipe and a chat on shore, a short calculation and a shrewd look into the wind's eye would always prove in a minute that both tide and wind made sailing out of the question for that day.

We happened to pass this yacht at anchor, at about seven o'clock one evening after a long run outside the Isle of Wight, and with another six or seven miles before us to reach Ryde. As we passed, we quietly said good night to the captain. The expression of his face was worthy of study when he saw his master sailing in a little cockle-shell in which he himself would hardly have rowed from the yacht to the shore, and when he heard where we had come from, and where we were bound to, he looked upon us with mingled pity and contempt, while another of the steadily-going crew happened to come on deck at the same moment, had his mouth so wide open from sheer astonishment, that the most powerful effort of imagination has always failed to make me picture him with it closed again.

It is a curious trait in people who yacht and boat, that they never can imagine any one sailing in safety in a lesser craft than that of which they happen to be the happy possessors. Thus the owner of a small yacht looks with pity on the risks he imagines his neighbour is running in an open boat, while he in his turn is sympathetically being considered a lunatic by his other neighbour, who happens to own a rather larger vessel.

I feel that I have at present done my hobby such scant justice, that I must ask leave to play the rôle of bore a little longer, and shortly describe a cruise which I made to Beaulieu.

Beaulieu is situated on the borders of the New Forest, and can be approached by a winding river, about six miles in length, which is closely fringed by trees for a great part of its distance. I was sailing round the Isle of Wight, but made a détour to visit this lovely spot.

We only reached the entrance to the river at sundown, and a flat calm ensued, so after leisurely taking our supper we had to proceed to pull up the river. We found, however, that this was rather a more difficult task than we had imagined, as it soon became almost absolutely dark, there being no moon, and the stream, although wide at high, is only a narrow passage at low water, while at half-tide (the condition of things that evening), the mud is just invisible, and yet a boat cannot float over it. Besides the natural darkness of the night, the reflection of the trees in the river made it almost impossible to distinguish water from land, and owing to the sharp turns in the river we were frequently at a loss which way to proceed. The tide was happily running with us, and when we were completely puzzled which direction to take, by trailing a long pole on the river bottom we could feel which way the stream was taking us, and consequently could tell in which direction we ought to row.

When we had traversed about half the distance, in changing over, we had the misfortune to let an oar slip overboard; it disappeared from sight in an instant, and the tide was running so strongly that although we groped about for it for nearly half-an-hour, we were obliged to abandon it as lost, the lamp on this occasion unfortunately having been left behind. We thus found ourselves three miles from our destination, almost in total darkness, and with only one oar. A short period of anxiety, filled up by mutual recrimination, followed this catastrophe, but we soon found that we were able to propel the boat at a fair pace with the help of the sprit and the remaining oar, and after much suspense as to whether we were proceeding in the right direction, and sundry stickings in the mud, we at last reached our destination about eleven o'clock. We could hear a man calling to us from the landing-stage, but although we were only about six feet distant from it we could not see it, so great was the darkness.

Having secured our boat we immediately made for the village inn. Here, however, although the occupants were still up, they sternly refused us admittance at the unseemly hour of 11.15. It really was quite pleasant to find a corner in crowded Old England where such strict hours are kept, and where one is looked on with suspicion after eleven o'clock at night, although I must confess that its full charm did not burst upon me until we had persuaded the landlady at any rate to open the door, and inspect us. Apparently her inspection satisfied her, as we were duly admitted, and subsequently installed in beautifully clean and airy bedrooms, and our hostess further exerted herself to do away with the impression made by our churlish reception.

On the following day, after exploring the picturesque old ruins of Beaulieu Abbey, and taking a long stroll in the forest, we got under way in the afternoon, and reached Cowes without any further adventure.

B. D. K.



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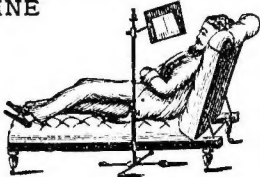
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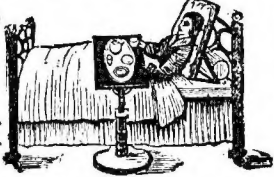


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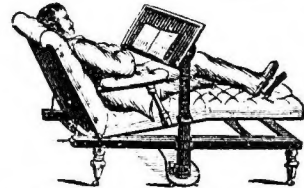


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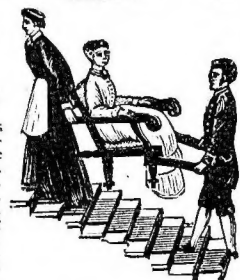
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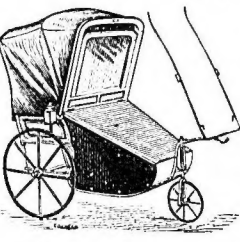


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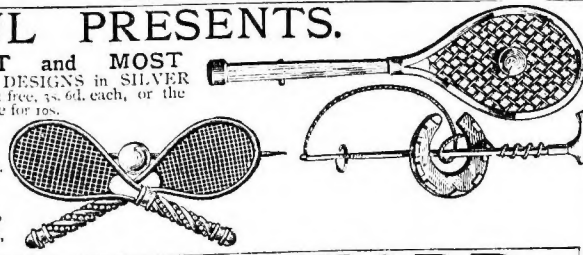
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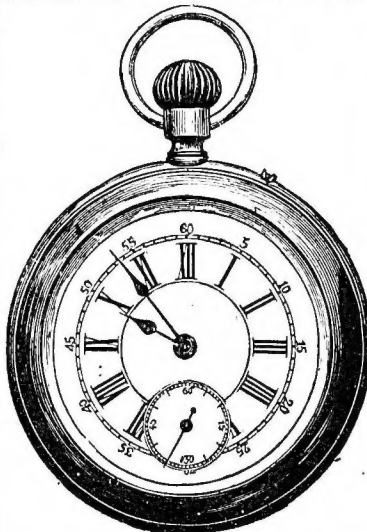
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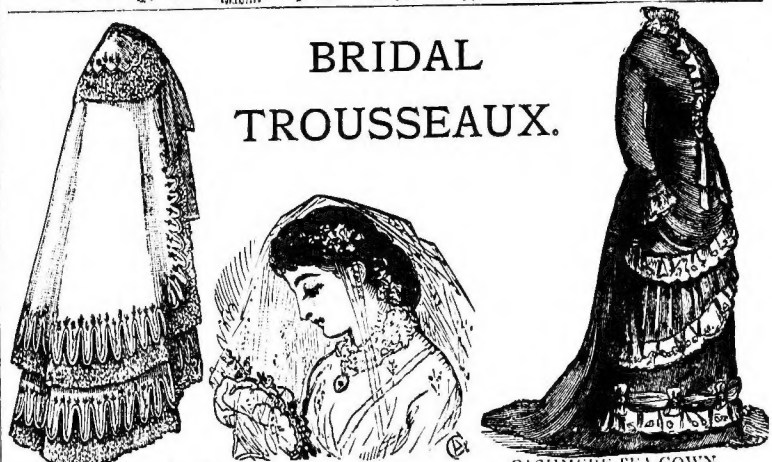
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